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THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

We Need R.E.M.E.

See article by O. T. G. Williamson on page 8

Here in Canada to chart new war directives for the global struggle in consultation with President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Mackenzie King and top-ranking Allied military experts, Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, British Prime Minister, is accompanied by Mrs. Churchill and daughter, A.T.S. Subaltern Mary. They are seen chatting with Mr. King on the steps of the ancient Citadel in Quebec, their home while they are guests of the Canadian government.

The Front Page

THE idea that something needs to be done about the British Empire, besides merely sitting and watching the freedom (or "autonomy") of the Commonwealth nations slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent until there ceases to be anything but autonomy, seems to be getting stronger in quite a number of different quarters. Mr. Curtin of Australia is a good deal more explicit about it than even our own George Drew, if perhaps a trifle less apostolic. Realization that some kind of movement towards a closer relationship between the Commonwealth countries is bound to find many supporters at the close of the war is probably a main reason for the violent outburst of isolationism in Quebec, which would like to see the Commonwealth's mutual obligations kept at a point where they have no more significance than they have had in the case of Eire since De Valera came to power.

The problems involved in any attempt to define more clearly the mutual obligations of the members of the Commonwealth are immensely difficult, but that is no reason why they should not be faced. The truth is that unless they are defined they will ultimately disappear; we shall find ourselves in a Commonwealth which has no mutual obligations, and from that to being without a Commonwealth is not a very long step. In a world provided with an adequate and reliable machinery by which the peace-loving nations could cooperate for the preservation of peace—a world such as we vainly hoped for during the first part of the period between the two wars—this might not be an irreparable disaster. In a world full of such elements of conflict and uncertainty as that which will face us after the defeat of Germany, a coherent British Empire with the closest possible relations with the United States is indispensable.

Nobody, we imagine, will suggest that in such a redefined Commonwealth all the member nations will be automatically committed to follow the policies determined on exclusively by the government of the United Kingdom. It may very well be, in spite of the dismal prophecies of some of our anti-immigration Cassandras, that within a generation the economic strength and manpower of this Dominion will be not far short of that of the United Kingdom itself. But it has never been impossible for nations of entirely separate sovereignty to combine together for the formulation and carrying out of joint policies, and it should not be less possible for nations which have a common Crown and a common history.

We cannot go on indefinitely, leaving to improvisation in the face of the emergency all those preparations for the defence of our common interests and way of life which, in a world like the present, ought to be carefully planned and coordinated in advance, and which, thus planned, might often prevent the emergency from arising.

Nova Scotia Investigates

THERE is an interesting development in Nova Scotia where a Royal Commission on provincial development and rehabilitation is at present carrying out a series of hearings. Nova Scotia is one of the most beautiful parts of Canada and very old in tradition, but economically it has been for a long time one of the most unhappy areas in the Dominion. Except in time of war it has not enjoyed any appreciable measure of prosperity since the days of the sailing ship, and under this condition there has been a constant air of discontent. A frequent impression of observers outside the province has been that this discontent has encouraged the spending of too much time grieving on the inequalities of Confederation, real or fancied, and too little in tackling the major change in the economic picture which has been called for. The appointment of the Royal Commission is therefore a refreshing sign. Also, from indications it will be productive of good results.

The Nova Scotian problem is a difficult one and will not be settled overnight. Its poor geographic position pretty well limits its possibilities for commerce to specialist production, such as paper, its apple crop, and fishing. A thriving tourist industry is a valuable boon, but due to the shortness of the season is unfortunately more of a pocket-money proposition than a full-time provider. The well-being of the province would seem to lie in developing and perfecting more specialist industries along with this tourist trade. The Commission is making a most thorough survey and it should uncover many possibilities. It is spending much of its time with the small merchant, farmer and manufacturer and securing his suggestions. Notably, these suggestions have been proving concrete, pointing out such things as the need for further cold storage facilities, model farms and other modern equipment and services which the producers must have. More important, through its contact with these men who are closest to the country the Commission is getting a more thorough picture of future possibilities.

More V.A.D.'s Needed

NURSES of the St. John's Voluntary Aid Detachment—"the blessed V.A.D.'s"—did admirable work in the last war in supplementing the work of the graduate military nurses. Today they are active on every front, and hundreds more are needed.

The word "voluntary" is perhaps misleading. They are not unpaid hospital assistants, but officers "on the strength," receiving their $81 a month with suitable allowances, living in barracks when barracks are available, but otherwise living out. Their training begins with a thorough First Aid course. Then they go for three months to a military hospital. If they pass this probation another nine months of training follows. By that time they are among the most useful women in uniform.

Recruits must be between the ages of 18 and 44, with Junior Matriculation or similar educational standing, and without dependent children. Young women willing to give themselves to this service may get further information at the training centres in Ottawa or in Toronto. The Toronto address is 863 Bay Street; that in Ottawa, 321 Chapel Street.

Weakening Controls

THE rather alarming language of Mr. Donald Gordon to the Weekly Newspapers' meeting on the prospects for a breakdown of price and wage controls can hardly help raising the question in many minds, whether these controls have not been applied too exclusively by compulsion and supported too little by educative effort. It is true that the WIB has done much good work in the way of editorial propaganda and has been loyally supported in that work by the press of the country, with excellent cooperation from some of Mr. Gordon's officials. But the important medium of persuasive advertising has been almost wholly neglected.

The war against inflation is a pincers movement, one arm of which is the control of costs and prices, while the other is the milking off of excess purchasing power into the form of savings. The officials in charge of the second arm of the pincers have made no such error as to refrain from the employment of skilled advertising as a means of persuasion. True, persuasion is their only arm; compulsion is of almost negligible importance in the matter of savings. Mr. Gordon has had compulsion as his chief arm; but it would have been vastly more effective (this being a democracy) if it had been accompanied by more and better persuasion. Many people do not read the editorials in the press. Some do not read even the news stories except on the sporting page. Some do not get much significance out of what they do read. But a well-designed pictorial advertisement, repeated until its message sinks in, is pretty hard to ignore.

On Being Fed-Up

WAR gets into body and bones, tainting every thought and feeling, coloring our dreams. Even when the struggle is going well, as the generals say, the horror is still present, like the skeleton at the feast. So there may be reason in the Hollywood judgment that the people are growing weary of war-stories. To go to the theatre in hope of relaxation and find only roaring guns and acres of destruction begins to be irritating. During the day we have fed on flaring headlines and supped on news broadcasts and commentaries. Must we be entertained by seeing the triple-damned business, with sound?

Granted that the war is important; truly of a desperate importance; granted also that

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This highly characteristic portrait of Canada's distinguished composer Dr. Healey Willan, was made only a few weeks ago. Dr. Willan received a great ovation at a recent Prom concert for his Marche Solennelle.

Photo by Ashley and Crippen

Churchill's Task

BY HENRY PETERSON

Mr. Peterson, who has perhaps the keenest insight into delicate international relations of any writer now addressing himself to the Canadian public, advances a new theory as to the reasons for the present Churchill-Roosevelt conference.

Mr. Peterson thinks that the difference of attitude towards postwar problems in general, but particularly towards Russia, as between Britain and America is fraught with possibilities of trouble, and suggests that Churchill has some things to say to the President which will be "easier to say as a host than as a guest."

No Anglo-American alliance can endure that is based on nothing more than "a fond welter of high-sounding words."

IT IS GENERALLY believed that the primary reason for the Quebec meeting between Churchill and Roosevelt is to agree on the time and place for the opening of the third and fourth fronts in Europe.

But can that be the primary reason? For the timing of the winning stroke of the European war — the throwing of the Allied army from Britain across the Channel, an army which is predominantly British—will be decided by that cherubic giant who is even a greater master of war than of words, Winston Churchill. To obey the vital law of integrated co-operation between all commands and arms, which can best be achieved by individual armies.

Hence, it cannot be too wild a guess that the function of the main American armies will be the conquest of Italy and then the attack on Germany from the south in conjunction with the French North African army up the Rhone Valley. The passage of reinforcements from American ports also dictates this division of labor, a principle which will see the British 8th and 1st armies leap into the Balkans from the Adriatic to cut the German Balkan communications and make the task of a frontal assault on Crete and Greece easier for the Middle East armies.

But all this must have been decided upon long ago. So I venture the guess that the meeting between the leader of the British Empire and the President of the United States is primarily for political reasons—the clarification of the ideas, before the *coup de grace* to Germany, with which Britain and America respectively hope to shape the new world.

If this is so, then we must look into the general talk that Stalin is keeping away from Quebec, not so much because he must remain in Russia during his all-out offensive against a weakening German army, but far more because he is playing a lone hand in pursuance of his ambition to be the master of Europe.

There are, of course, big political issues that Russia must try to settle with Britain, on the one hand, and with the United States, on the other. Yet why should we, on our part, approach them with a weakling's fear and suspicion? Surely the only health lies in boldly facing today's world forces?

In doing this, we see that there are also differences between the British Empire and the United States, and it is certain that no alliance between them can stand a puff of wind unless these differences are resolved, or at least boldly put to both peoples so that they might agree to disagree, if necessary. There certainly can be no common front to the Russia that many fear unless the grounds for an Anglo-American "alliance" are founded on today's world forces and not on a fond welter of high-sounding words.

There is a difference between the Briton and American both in temperament and in the whole approach to life, from which stem cleavages far deeper than sentimentality can bridge. With most Americans words come first and deeds afterwards; with most Britons deeds first and words afterwards. Because of all that this implies, the Briton is today far more sympathetic to the Russian than to the American.

In a recent Gallup Poll in Britain asking the simple question what Allied country had contributed most towards the winning of the war, 50% replied Russia, 42% Britain, 5% China and 3% the United States.

Churchill cannot neglect this feeling of his people, or they will choose another leader. The British are like that.

But ninety-nine out of a hundred Americans have been educated to believe that they are far and away ahead of the rest of the world in everything. Yet performance in war, which, after all, is the ultimate criterion, shows America to be behind a number of the United Nations, especially the unboastful ones, in particular the mature and imperishable Chinese and Greeks, the ever-gallant and uncomplaining British and the ever-manly Russians.

The United States could make a great contribution towards the creation of a better world, based on her vast industrial potential, but not on false assumptions. Otherwise, the first breath of reality and she will shrink again into isolationism, which, this time, could do herself irreparable harm, with the rest of the world under the aegis of the British Empire, Russia and China, commanding their gigantic material and mental resources.

Russian Alliance

With Russia, Britain has a 20-year military alliance, whose reality and implications are often neglected in the American press. Winston Churchill would, of course, very much like the United States to be a third member, but the American Constitution and tradition present difficulties.

First, the American people, rightly or wrongly, are dead set against a military alliance with any country. But such alliances are one of the fixed factors in world affairs. Then, there is a presidential election every four years, with two-thirds of both Houses of Congress elected between. Hence members are chosen on local and political issues, which accounts for the re-election of Hamilton Fish and other life-long isolationists after Pearl Harbor.

Added to these internal factors is the self-adulatory education of America. The combination gives small guarantee of a mature responsibility towards world affairs. These are things as they are, and neither Britain nor Russia can do anything about it.

Britain has already chosen Russia as a 20-year ally. Churchill's task at Quebec must surely be to face Roosevelt with Britain's inability to go along with the American State Department in those of its major international policies which are out of gear with world forces as they are today. Out-of-date theories, especially about Europe and Asia, which are predominantly the affair of Britain and Russia, can have no place in the politics of London and Moscow. Further, they can choose another stable partner, China, which too has a self-disciplined people. And would not South America come under such a powerful aegis?

Two things, however, seem inevitable after victory over the Axis. The first, that most of the European Continent, so hideously betrayed by their "betters" and thus being in a revolutionary mood, will see in Russia a big brother and in Britain a just friend. And the second, that the United States will isolate herself. The world forces today, it seems to me at least, do make these two conditions inevitable.

But, of course, if America did choose to play the great part she could in world affairs, it would be a blessing not only to the world but to herself.

I believe the leader of the British Empire is at Quebec to face the President of the United States with his government's decision of an orientation of policy towards Moscow, about which he had given an indication in his solemn speech of June 30, so that there will be no misunderstanding in the future, and such words are easier to say as a host than as a guest.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Bloc's Anti-War Campaign

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR comments on Mr. Pouliot's proposal for the making of a substantial gift by Canada to Eire when the war is over seem to be borne out by the literature of the Bloc Populaire candidates in the recent by-elections. I enclose some of the documents circulated in the interests of the Bloc candidate in Stanstead, Mr. J. Armand Choquette. You will note that the French-speaking electors were urged to consider the advantages of remaining neutral like Eire (incorrectly designated as "l'Irlande", but it is doubtful whether the electors to whom this appeal was addressed would recognize it by its correct title). They were told that if Canada had remained neutral *"comme l'Irlande"* the government could have built a $3000 house for each of the country's 2,500,000 families; given a *"menage"* (presumably a set of furniture) worth $1000 to each family; given a $1000 motor to every farmer; built a hospital worth $100,000 in every county, with a corresponding orphanage and an old folks' home, all endowed with $100,000 apiece; given $100 to the parents of every child born in Canada for the next ten years; and given $1000 to every newly married couple in Canada for the next ten years.

Whether neutrality has actually had this effect in Eire seems to be open to doubt. At any rate it has not made that country so prosperous that Mr. Pouliot can look upon it as having no need for a gift from Canada. Possibly Mr. Pouliot was more concerned with getting Irish-Canadian votes for the Bloc candidates than with the real economic consequences of war and neutrality.

The Bloc campaign was fought on the two straight issues of conscription and the gifts to Britain. Conscription is at present in effect for service in Canada (or more correctly the western hemisphere) only; the Bloc argues that it will be applied for service in Europe. "The invasion of Europe commences. Canadians are being killed in Sicily. There must be reinforcements. Where will they be obtained? *From our conscripts!"*

And a quotation from Mr. Bourassa: "There is but one way to make the Government understand that the time has come to put a stop to all this foolish expenditure; for we know now that Canada is not threatened any more by the Axis war lords. Concentrate your voting power on Mr. Maxime Raymond's candidate."

It was a very effective campaign. The Bloc candidate ran second to the Communist in Cartier. The Bloc candidate won in Stanstead. The Bloc is practically the political master of French Quebec at the moment.

W. M. MAGOG.

Montreal, Que.

Pup With String

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WOULD like to offer my congratulations to you on the article "Dominion Sells Pup With String" in your issue of August 7. This article was particularly interesting to me as the holder of a government annuity policy which was taken out in 1911 and which becomes payable to me in 1944, for life, also a life insurance annuity on which quite a number of payments had been made.

These Canadian government annuities had always appealed to me, and I had boosted them for years, but I made the discovery that it was folly indeed for any person liable to income taxation to have anything to do with these contracts.

It so happens that one of my insurance policies matured in March 1942 and from figures submitted by the insurance company it seemed that it would be advantageous to me to take the cash value of the policy and purchase an annuity. This I arranged to do, but the contract was delayed somewhat owing to the fact that I had wrongfully endorsed the cheque, which I had forwarded to the Annuity Department. Reading up on some income taxation particulars at that time, I made the discovery that I had come very close to losing considerable of the cash that I had taken from my insurance policy, as that would have been the result had the annuity contract been issued.

The situation certainly is almost beyond belief, in fact I could not believe it until answers to my letters to income tax officials and to the Annuity Department assured me that my understanding was correct. Even at a rate of income taxation as low as 20 percent, it looked as though the capital deposited would never have been returned to me. With increase in taxation rates, a great deal more of this capital would have disappeared.

In my case, it were better for me to bury my cash and dig it up when I want it, rather than deposit it with the Canadian government annuities, and this at a time when the government asks investors to put their money in their hands in war loans and war savings certificates.

W. L. WOODGER.

Drinkwater, Sask.

Candy Famine

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YEARS ago Victoria boasted an eccentric manufacturer of candy who was famous for two things: the excellence of his wares, and the habit of closing his shop whenever he felt like it, irrespective of the needs of his customers. The good old man would feel quite at home in his old town today.

Candy stores in Victoria and Vancouver now open at noon and may close at two, four, or six o'clock. It all depends on how soon the supply of chocolates and candies is sold out. Some days the shops don't open at all.

The candy is doled out in small quantities. Chocolate bars are one or two to a customer, never more. Supplies come in two or three weeks apart. Only a few varieties of boxed chocolates are made, and no telephone orders are accepted. There is no advance notice as to what time a store will be open.

Travellers out of the coast cities are amazed at the quantity of candy on sale in eastern cities and on the prairies. In Calgary boxed chocolates are on a quota basis—one pound a day, or, say, one month's supply in B.C. In Montreal there is said to be no limit on what a customer may buy, and the favorite gift from there is a box of standard brand. If postage wasn't prohibitive there would be a big mail-order trade with eastern centres, assuming the manufacturers were willing to engage in it.

Vancouver, B.C. P. W. LUCE.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(*Continued from Page One*)

human curiosity revels in what the newsboy called "'orrible and revoltin' details" the time comes when even curiosity is fed-up. Then we want to see clowns and comics, leggy "musicals," farces and absurdities. Then we would rather hear Ed Wynn tell a story than listen to Winston Churchill or F. D. R.

In the last war the greatest theatrical success in London was "Chu Chin Chow." There is a moral here even if the morals were doubtful. After four years the literature of escape should come into its own.

Mr. Drew's Strength

IT WAS possible to tell from the tones of George Drew's voice as he addressed the Weekly Newspaper people, and the nation at large over the air, on Thursday of last week, that he knows just how splendidly advantageous his position is. He spoke like a man with perfect confidence in himself, serenely aware that nobody can greatly bother him. And that is exactly the position that he is in. So far as he is concerned, it is immensely better that he has no working majority of his own followers in the Legislature. If he had, they would act up, and quarrel, and refuse discipline. The Conservative party has been completely undisciplined ever since Mr. Ferguson left it for London, and a large part of it has never admitted that George Drew had a right to discipline it. If it were securely entrenched in power it would go on fighting among itself and Mr. Drew would have no end of trouble. But now he has the power of dissolution in his hands in a situation in which dissolution would in all probability increase the representation of the CCF, which is the last thing in the world that the Conservatives or Liberals desire. His Conservative followers will not dare to kick over the traces, and the Liberals will not want to.

The Liberals will not be a real Opposition. The CCF will, but they are a body of 34 members, not one of whom except Agnes Macphail has ever sat in a legislative body before, and it will take them at least a session to learn how to conduct their operations effectively. They will not want another appeal to the electorate, even though it might slightly increase their numbers, until they have had time to make an impression on the public by their behavior at Queen's Park. If they are really bright they will arrive at an understanding with the Liberals to divide the subjects on which the two parties are to oppose Mr. Drew, so that they will never both oppose him on the same subject. The CCF should occasionally be willing to support him, as for example on the relocation of the education tax burden, and the Liberals could then create an appearance of party independence by opposing him. The Liberals will of course have to oppose him in any moves which tend to reflect discredit on their own past administration, but in these the CCF should, and almost certainly will, support him.

A FADED TAPESTRY

HERE in a circling shade of copper beech
The company partakes of bread and milk
And honey in the comb; apparelled each,
Shepherd and shepherdess, in watered silk,
And wearing crowns of marguerites, they sing
To lutes and viols. One must comb and pet
A little foolish lamb, and one must bring
Her rosewood crook to Marie Antoinette;
And yet another fetch a peasant lass
To teach them measures from a country dance:
While she whose bare feet tread the royal grass
Shall live to mock the highest born of France.

LENORE A. PRATT

The New Tactics

MR. DREW'S chief interest, it was obvious from last week's speech, is still in the federal field. He had however a right to talk about that field on that occasion, for he was addressing a national organization and a national hook-up. We do not think he will drag his federal interests unduly into the provincial Legislature, or at least into administrative policy there. The one thing which would quite properly unite the CCF and the Liberals against him (barring of course Mr. Hepburn) would be an attempt to use the powers of the Ontario Government in direct support of Mr. Bracken.

The speech to the Weekly Newspaper people was entirely federal, and extremely well designed and well delivered. It indicated what has probably been agreed upon between Mr. Bracken and Mr. Drew as the lines of the immediate attack upon Mr. King, an attack which can be carried on in such a way, if done very carefully, as to give a minimum of offence to Quebec. The ground will be that Mr. King has no mandate for speaking in the name of Canada in the tremendously important operation of reconstructing the international relations of the world. In Ontario there is added to this the further thesis that the reconstruction of the world should not be set about until we know what we are going to do about the reconstruction of the British Empire, and in particular the redefining of Canada's relationship to that vague but vitally important structure. To these claims will presumably be added in due course, when the public has been accustomed to them, a demand that Mr. King should go to the country before participating in the peace conference.

This is not a tactic which could have been followed before last week, for until then there was a lively probability that Mr. King *might* go to the country, and a certainty that if he did he would catch the Progressive Conservatives very much unprepared. But it now appears fairly certain that he will not, and his opponents will be entitled to get what advantage they can from denouncing him for undertaking such vast obligations in the name of Canada at a time when it is highly uncertain whether he could win another election.

For the Empire

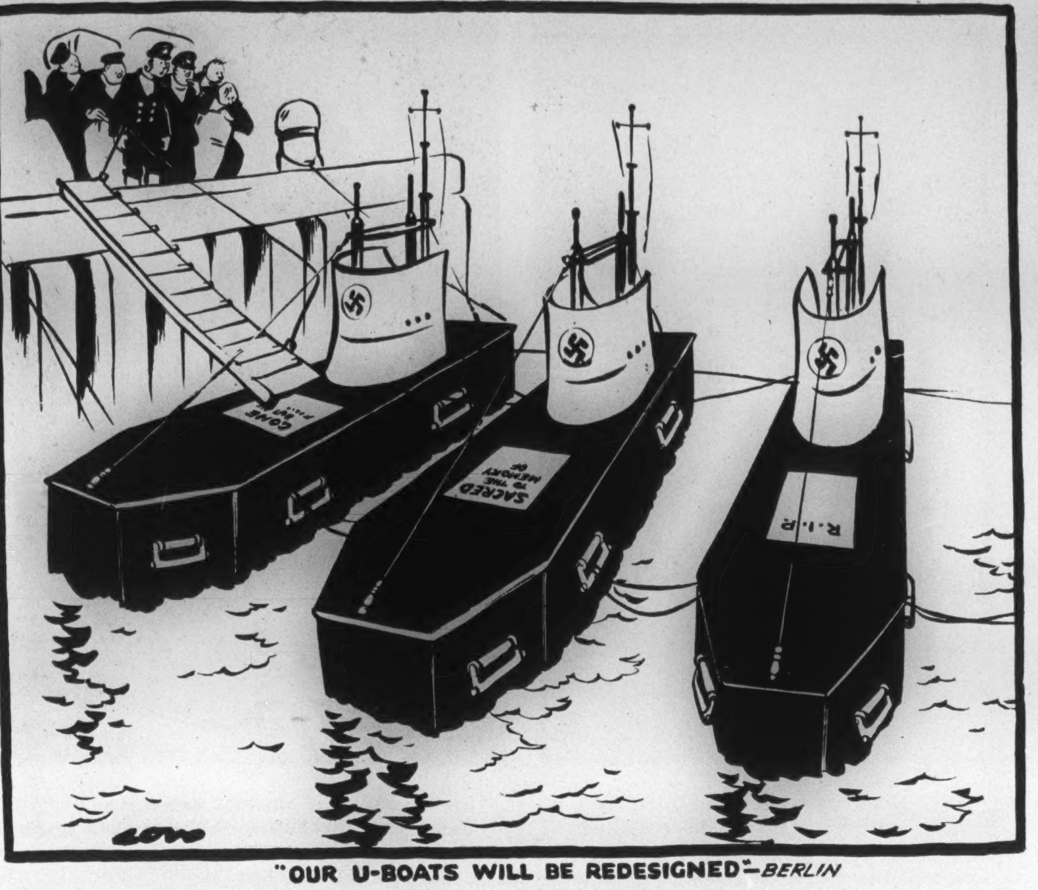
MR. BRACKEN, we may rest assured, will not speak as frankly as Mr. Drew about the necessity for tightening the bonds of Empire. But we are not at all sure that now is not the precise time when some plain talking on that subject might be very valuable. The opinion of this paper has been for many years, as our readers are well aware, that the preservation of Canadian unity ought to be the main object of Canadian statesmen, in the interests of the Empire itself as much as of Canada. Having that opinion, we have felt that all political parties should take into consideration the views of the province of Quebec, which in the nature of things are less sympathetic to the acceptance of any external obligations and responsibilities for Canada than those of the English-speaking part of the population. But such a policy depends upon the willingness of French Canada to come to terms with at least one, and preferably more, of the political parties of the nation, and to accept some platform which could be made acceptable also to a large portion of the English-speaking electorate.

French-Canadian opinion seems now to have reached, as it did in 1911, a condition where there ceases to be any hope of such compromise, and where the political representatives of French Canada will constitute themselves a separate bloc in Parliament, holding out for policies, about the whole peace settlement and many other matters, on which they will have the greatest difficulty in finding allies from any other part of the country. In these conditions, and at a moment when such tremendous decisions have to be faced, it is well that the case for a closer rapprochement between the United Kingdom and the Dominions should be stated and urged by its most eloquent defenders, and Mr. Drew has probably no rival in that catalogue. Such statement may consolidate a large body of English-speaking opinion as effectively as French-Canadian opinion appears already to have been consolidated.

Relics in Rome

WE REGRET to learn from *Relations*, the Montreal French monthly, that the remains of two early Christian martyrs were damaged or destroyed in the bombing of Rome, but we feel compelled to point out that their custodians must have been extremely careless. People who have such relics in their charge in the capital of a nation which has—quite voluntarily—entered into a great and devastating war ought at least to protect them with sandbags, if they do not resort to the more effective device of removing them from the dangerous vicinity. The idea that belligerents are required to abstain from the most ordinary military operations against an important enemy transportation centre, merely because there are religious relics in the neighborhood, is entirely contrary to reason. We can sympathize with the feelings of the editors of *Relations*, but we think their indignation is directed against the wrong parties.

The authorities of the various churches in Rome (not including the Vatican territory, which is neutral and requires no precautions) have had ample warning to make any preparations which might be needed for the safeguarding of their treasures. The British Government has made it clear from the first that Rome would be attacked whenever it was desirable in the interests of the United Nations to do so. We find ourselves rather forced to the conclusion that the ecclesiastics of Rome are less concerned about the fate of the relics of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence than are some of the ecclesiastics of the province of Quebec. There is of course this important difference, that the Roman clergy along with their parishioners are in some personal danger themselves, and may possibly feel that the lives of human beings, whether in Rome or in London or in Rotterdam or in Guernica, are of more importance than relics or works of art.



"OUR U-BOATS WILL BE REDESIGNED"—BERLIN

THE PASSING SHOW

WE LIKE *The Letter Review's* comment that "It is quite possible that the officers mentioned (Bank of Canada) have given us fiscal administration during the war as good as the nation would have accepted," and also its vigorous attempt to prove that they should have given us much better fiscal administration.

•

The only kinds of clothing permitted to be manufactured in Germany are uniforms and mourning clothes. The uniforms will soon be eliminated.

•

The Toronto *Telegram* describes Mr. Churchill as "the heart and soul" of the United Nations' war effort. Mr. Roosevelt is presumably the muscle, and Josef Stalin a rather doubtful appendix.

•

Essential War Workers

The muscles of his brawny arms are strong as iron bands.
His shoulders bulge as wrestlers' do, colossal are his hands.
It's men like him who build the plane, the ship, the tank, the gun.
It's men like him who man them till victory is won.
But not this burly specimen; his task is just to mark
With chalk the tires upon my car when on the street I park.

NICK.

•

An Italian armored train was caught in a Sicilian railway tunnel with both ends under bombardment and the engineer didn't know whether to go backwards or forwards. Badoglio knows exactly how he felt.

•

A survey shows that soldiers prefer their potatoes mashed. The idea is that they can tell them from the dumplings.

•

Vittorio Mussolini has resigned as president of the European Professional Boxing Association. A technical knock-out, presumably.

•

WOMEN AS THICK AS TREES IN ALASKA
Newspaper headline.

What on earth do they feed them up there?

•

The Liberals are thinking of calling them goodbye-elections.

•

Vancouver thieves broke into a fuel yard and stole five tons of coal. Pretty dirty work, if you ask us.

•

The Canadian Government has been provided with a copy of the classified telephone directory of Berlin by the New York Public Library. Here's hoping that the R.C.A.F. dial all the right numbers.

•

The tomatoes you grow yourself are always of superior quality, just as your kid is always finer and nobler than the neighbors' brats.

•

Yes, Melinda, you get the idea. AMGOT is the territory that the enemy ain't got any longer.

•

Discovery

Strong in the art of finding fault with the world,
Arrogant, stern I walk.
Out of their seats our leaders ought to be hurled.
This one a fool (I say) with a lackwit's talk.
Yes, and this other a knave to his finger-tips,
Only fit for the scorpions and whips.

Labor is wrong and Capital rotten with greed.
Priests are a lazy crew.
Churchmen hypocrites, all of a snivelling breed.
Teachers babble old tales, despising the new,
Doctors, butchers—My God, what a world to see!
Maybe there's something terribly wrong with me!

J. E. M.

•

The *Labor Gazette* has a chart showing the distribution of males in Canada aged 14 and over. Whatever that distribution is, the females mostly consider it grossly unfair.

•

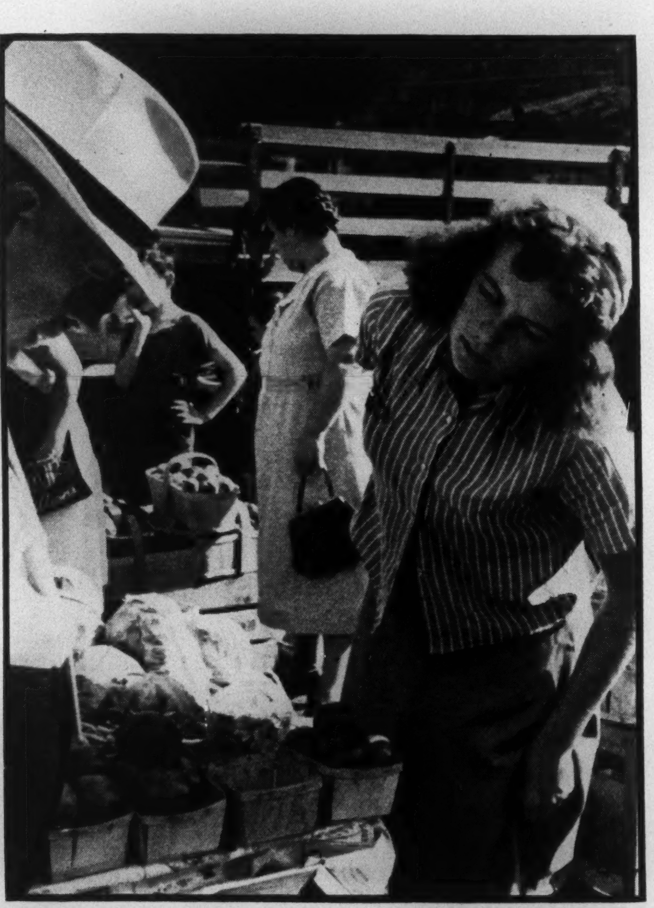
There are times when we are not sure whether George Drew wants Canada to stay in this Empire or wants the Empire to move into Canada.

•

Advertisers call for "part-time subsidiary" mechanics, taxi-drivers and caretakers. Anybody want a part-time subsidiary editor?

Saturday is "Market Day" in most Ontario towns. Here in the market square, town and country rub elbows. It's a busy scene — for the early shopper gets the best choice.

Spare ribs and summer sausage. They're unrationed, so there's no great rush. This quiet little backwater is in marked contrast to the swirling current of humanity (left).



Striking a bargain. Bulging stalls in local farm markets offset the many bare shelves in city stores.

More Food For Canadians

WE HAVE become food-conscious. But it seems incredible to a great many of us even yet that there should be any real shortage of things to eat. As here in middle Ontario we look over our victory gardens with their rank luxuriance of growth, fostered by the heat and moisture of the last six weeks, the prospect of any food-shortage seems far away. Sections of bare shelves in our favorite chain store are off-set by the bulging stalls of our local market.

If one wants to see that "full tide of humanity" that stirred the heart of old Sam Johnson, the market place on Saturday morning is the place to do it. Since patrician as well as pleb has now to do his—and her—own carrying, the market basket has become a sign of respectability and even of patriotism. Here primary producer and ultimate consumer chaffer and buy and sell, and get to know each other as my customer and my vegetable man and my butter woman.

With the bargain hunter's gleam in your eye and a pair of unscrupulous elbows, you push your way down between the stalls. Behind the piled tables you study the vendors. These are the very people who grow the flowers so nicely arranged and dewily fresh; these are the people who dress the fowl, and who make the sausage, the cottage cheese and the apple butter spread out temptingly; these are the people who have grown the vegetables and fruit displayed in such abundance. Alert, skilful, industrious, strongly independent and individualist, sound and wholesome as their own produce—they fill you with respect and liking, and confidence in the future of a country that produces and nourishes them. To-day it requires no argument to convince us that the production of food is as essential a war industry as the production of shells, and as patriotic.

Story and Pictures by Robert Brydon

With baskets full-laden, the whole family helps to bear home the "spoils." Sonny's wagon is not exempt.

Buyer and Seller. Many are customers of long-standing and relations are most friendly.

Are they ripe? Like nectar and ambrosia is the delicate pink flesh of Ontario melons.

Our Post-War Plan for Food

BY ANNE FROMER

International food plans have received a great deal of publicity lately; publicity fanned by the Hot Springs conference.

But international plans are only part of the answer. They must be supplemented by national plans. Optimum production and distribution can only take place between nations if they first exist within each nation.

Even before the Hot Springs conference, Canada was blueprinting a national plan for food. It is now complete.

MOST of the delegates to the United Nation's food conference at Hot Springs, Virginia, had not yet reached their homelands when the subcommittee on agricultural policy of Canada's Committee on Reconstruction was already studying a detailed and specific plan dealing with one of the most vital problems discussed by the conference—elimination of "want amid plenty".

This phase of Canada's post-war food question has two points which appear to form a paradox but actually create a dilemma: Canada's role as a major food producer for Britain and other allies will leave her, when the world returns to normal, with an agricultural "plant" having a capacity 70 per cent above her present consumption of many foodstuffs. Yet, even at the peak of prosperity and production, six of ten Canadians do not get enough food of the right kind to maintain reasonably good health.

$50,000,000 a Year

The Canadian Council on Nutrition revealed, as a result of a survey, that this 60 per cent of Canadians suffered from the following specific dietary deficiencies:

Food Element	Percentage with insufficient supply
Vitamin B	92 %
Calcium	80 "
Calories	77 "
Proteins	72 "
Iron	70 "
Vitamin A	61 "
Vitamin C	60 "
Fat	40 "

The program before the subcommittee outlines four major methods for remedying this situation:

(1) distribution through a "stamp plan" of surplus and plentiful foods to families on relief, families with an income of less than $1,000 a year, and to persons receiving old age pensions, mothers' allowance, pensions for blindness, etc. War disability pensioners would probably be included too. The "unemployables", the pensioners, and their dependents alone represent an "irreducible core" of approximately half a million Canadians who always require assistance, and who, because of their permanently low incomes, are especially likely to have inadequate diets.

(2) Direct distribution from time to time of certain foods of which there is a definite temporary oversupply.

(3) Universal provision of balanced midday meals for school children; These lunches would be planned to supply children with nutritional elements necessary for health, and which the home diet might lack.

(4) Universal distribution of milk in schools, separately from lunches.

A sharp—and lasting—upturn on the chart of Canada's health and well-being could be bought, it is estimated, for about $50,000,000 a year—or about one-sixth of what Canadians spend annually on liquor.

The plan would not only set a higher nutritional standard for many hundreds of thousands of Canadians, but would have a steadying effect on the entire food industry, from prime producer to retailer, and would place a "floor" under agricultural prices when most needed.

The "stamp plan" would work like this: Eligible persons who purchase, say, $1 worth of stamps to exchange for ordinary food requirements would be given free 50 cents worth of additional stamps, good for exchange only for a list of foods considered by government authorities as "in oversupply". The handling of the latter—and their price—would differ in no way from that of standard goods, and the only difference would be that the government would, in effect, be subsidizing their distribution and consumption by redeeming the stamps, issued free, at their face value.

Choosing at random, such food items as meat, cheese, eggs and milk, might be among the products listed as "overabundant" at one time or another under a post-war economy. Consider these individually in the light of present stimulated production for feeding the allies, and from the point of view of the quantities which should be consumed by Canadians for optimum health:

Wartime Increase

Overseas wartime demand for meat products, mostly pork, has increased Canadian production for export from less than 2,000,000 cwt. to more than 5,000,000—every pound of which could be absorbed by Canadians. For a Dominion Department of Agriculture report reveals that, if the 6,000,000 urban residents of Canada were to consume as much meat as do persons in the "optimum" group, it would require exactly 3,000,000 cwt. more meat than is now eaten.

Canada's cheese production for export has increased the country's total output by 40,000,000 pounds—but if the deficiency in dairy food consumption were to be made up by cheese, Canada could double that increase and still not have a surplus.

Processed milk production in Canada increased by 38,000,000 pounds a year for war markets, but domestic consumption would have to increase by a million quarts a day to satisfy standards of health.

Canada's hens did a phenomenal job of jumping egg output for export in wartime—from 1,275,000 dozen in 1939 to 35,000,000 dozen last year. But even this almost 30-fold expansion would be less than half enough to give every Canadian the number of eggs called for in optimum diets.

While there is no way of knowing today how many persons above the "irreducible core" would require assistance under the food stamp plan, estimates of its cost, on a basis of 1941 conditions, range from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 a month.

The report does not recommend direct distribution of surplus crops as a matter of regular policy, on the grounds that the machinery would be too costly and cumbersome, and most of the products could be dealt with through the stamp plan. An exception would be cases of a distinct glut of perishable fruit or vegetables, which would be made available to local eligible families.

The matter of school lunches might seem to be more in the province of a local ladies' aid than of a nation-wide food program, but its cumulative import is vast indeed.

For example, a report quoted at the Hot Springs conference revealed that more than half the tremendous problem of raising China's millions to a minimum adequate diet could be solved by providing Chinese children with one balanced meal a day.

Child Diet Deficient

Dr. Thomas Parran, crusading surgeon-general of the United States public health service, declared: "In our educational system we are wasting much money trying to teach children with half-starved bodies and minds. We shall spend tomorrow on the care of their sickness many times over what we save today on food which would prevent it."

The Canadian report maintains that even without food surpluses, a national school lunch program should be undertaken as soon as the need for rationing is past.

A study in one Ontario county—and a rural one at that—showed that the diet of the average school child contained only 38 per cent of the requirement of vitamin C, 71 per cent of vitamin B, 80 per cent of calcium and vitamin B 2.

On the other hand, an experiment by the Kiwanis Club of Toronto, with underprivileged schoolboys, showed that an adequate lunch fed to them resulted in a gain of three pounds a month, against an average gain of half that for normal healthy children.

It is estimated that more than 1,000,000 Canadian school children could benefit from special lunches. The cost for food and its distribution would be less than $1,000,000 a month. Since the lunch program would have as its goal the proper nutrition of tomorrow's citizens, it would not be limited to children whose parents could not afford to pay, and those who contributed to the cost would help defray the expenses of the overall plan.

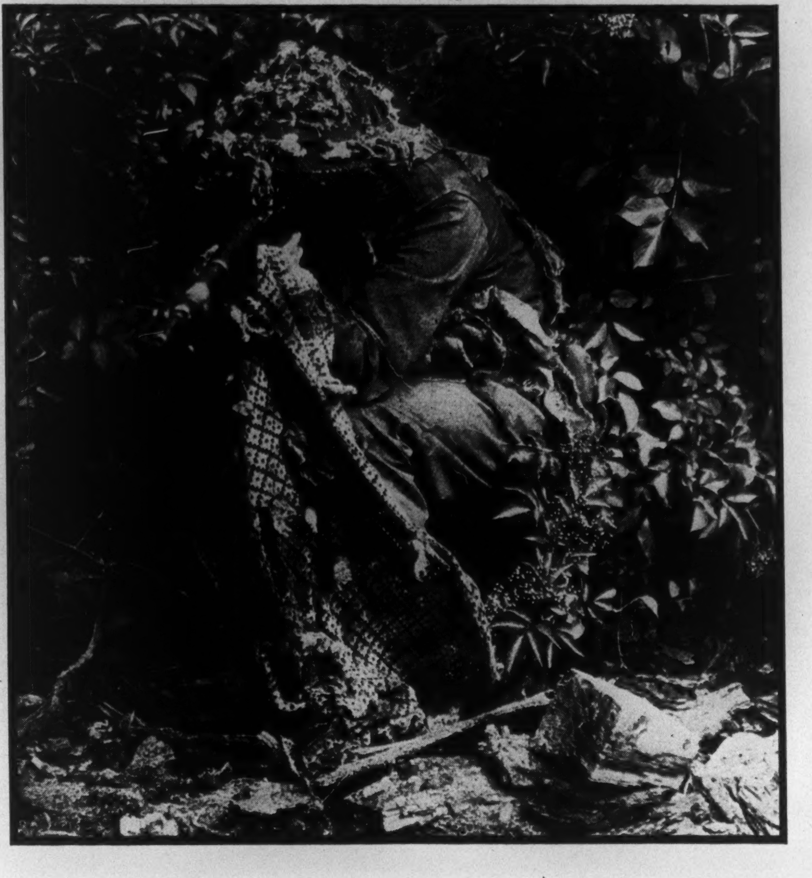
The ideal school lunch would comprise a main hot dish including some protein food, with vegetables, a dessert and beverage preferably tomato or citrus juice, since milk would be provided separately under the program's fourth point.

Need for a special milk program is indicated by the findings of the economics division of the federal Department of Agriculture. A survey of four typical Canadian cities showed that 14 to 20 per cent of all children 16 years and under drank no milk whatever; that approximately one child in three between 13 and 16 drank no milk, although 'teen age children need more milk than at any other age except infancy. Among low income families the percentage of children habitually without milk was as high as 60 per cent.

The milk-for-children proposal is suggested as worthy of consideration even in wartime, and as a post-war "must" both for the improvement of children's diets and as an aid to milk producers. And the total cost would be $4 per year for each growing Canadian.

Just like the tortoise and the hare are the German Mark VI Tiger tank and the U.S. amphibious truck, the Duck. In Sicily this Tiger tank has reached the end of the road, but the Duck keeps waddling along. Allied anti-tank forces made short work of German equipment in this campaign.

Tricks of Camouflage Achieve Optical Illusions



In the woods, foliage as camouflage makes this soldier almost invisible.

Not a scarecrow, but a soldier in camouflage made from street rubbish.

Part of the training of soldiers consists in teaching them the art of camouflage. Because attack must be unseen and unheard, soldiers learn to change their appearance so that they simply disappear into the landscape. The secret of successful camouflage consists in employing colors and markings which blend perfectly with various backgrounds, whether in town or the country. Camouflage in woods or fields copies nature and the protective coloring of birds and animals. If fighting is necessary in city streets, whatever camouflage is adopted must not only blend with the background but must seem natural in the surroundings.

This sniper in his paper camouflage would go unnoticed in a bombed area.

The Soviet, Post-War Germany, and Ourselves

BY LIONEL GELBER

The author of "Peace by Power" questions the wisdom, even from a purely Russian standpoint, of Russia's hinted offer to let Germany off lightly if she will set up a government such as advocated by the Free Germans in Moscow.

Such a move might well be a mask for a movement for the ultimate resurgence of German military power. And the name of a grandson of Bismarck is ominous among the signers of the Free German manifesto.

WHEN the Soviet Union sponsored the recent manifesto of the so-called Free Germans it raised issues of the gravest consequence. For this action underscored Marshal Stalin's surprising attempt of November 1942 to draw a clear line between Germans and the Nazidom—an expedient which was employed between 1933-38 in every foreign capital to Germany's advantage and therefore to Russia's detriment and one which is bound to be the stock-in-trade of any new appeasement again. What is the attitude of the Soviet Union towards post-Hitler Germany?

So incalculable has been our debt to Russia since June 1941 that we might well hesitate to sound a critical note. Tense relations with the West for a quarter of a century have, moreover, left her with the morbid habit of regarding friendly dissent over a single feature of policy as total hostility. To the untrammelled debate of democratic societies her one-party government is alien — a handicap for those of us who wish to appraise each Soviet pronouncement on its merits. For the United Nations must learn to speak frankly about each other and to each other and yet remain united.

These are truisms but truisms on which stress should now be laid. Some of us were the reverse of hostile to Britain when we deplored the tragic follies of Lord Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain. For when humanity needed a powerful Britain these men represented popular tendencies which undermined her power and led straight to Dunkirk. So, too, when we deplore the pre-war failures of the American Administration or the manner in which President Roosevelt has snubbed General de Gaulle we are not adverse towards the United States. What we want is to have her play a part which will be consonant with her stake in peace and her belief in democracy.

One is therefore neither a foe nor a reactionary when one questions the wisdom with which Russia launched the Free German manifesto. For at what does this manifesto aim? It seeks to hasten a German revolt against Hitler or the Generals by assuring the German people that with the installation of a democratic régime they can preserve their country territorially, and thus strategically, intact. They might, according to Marshal Stalin, even retain some organized military force. An easy way out for them, is it good enough for us?

Prussian Blood and Iron

What guarantees of European stability have German socialists, democrats and pacifists offered in the past? At the high noon of nineteenth century liberalism, Germany turned her back on the spirit of the age and allowed herself to be unified by the blood and iron of Prussia. When 1914 came the progressive elements were—until defeat advised a more prudent course—mostly for war and conquest. And in 1917 how much support did Lenin and Trotsky get from them when Russia herself was so brutally dismembered by Germany at Brest-Litovsk? How effective were they in 1932-33?

It is undeniable that during the Weimar Republic there was both on the Right and the Left a decided pro-Russian orientation. Against the rest of the world the two outcast Powers made common cause. Russia was thus helped in her industrialization, Germany in her secret rearmament. And under the Third Reich those links survived, despite Hitler's crusade against Bolshevism, until 1941. The profit Germany derived from them this war has disclosed.

That German exiles of every political stripe would desire to save the Fatherland was expected. Their game is, however, not necessarily ours. A pledge by Germans to behave with decorum under democracy—a system they have never worked—would at this last, desperate hour be a mighty cheap price to pay. For the German record of the past hundred years the German people would thereby be absolved of responsibility. All they have to do is go through the motions of striking a blow for that freedom others are again winning for them, turn their coats once more or climb the band-wagon as circumstances decree. Yet Germany's vast military potential over which democrats, pacifists and socialists are to preside tomorrow can be seized for more sinister purposes when the time is ripe the day after tomorrow. For that reason the Free German manifesto may attract the Right as much as the Left. The Generals, the Officers' Corps, the Armed Forces must realize that after the war there will be no chance for them to hold the reins. But behind the screen of a renovated Weimar Republic the material bases of a unified, expansionist, dominant Germany could be kept undisturbed. And so through the gathering darkness even the German General Staff might discern in the Soviet's Free German manifesto rays of light beyond which portends in dimmest outline yet another resurgence of German power.

To find a grandson of Bismarck's

Canadian women serving in England with the R.C.A.F. Women's Division are releasing men for other duties. Mildred Davis of Montreal, an M.T. driver, is seen jacking up her lorry.

Memo to Expectant Fathers

YOU HAVE before you one of the greatest experiences a man can know. It is a joyful experience—and a sobering one. It brings a lifetime of satisfaction, affection, love . . . and a continuing responsibility.

For who can measure the span of your dreams for that little life? The happy childhood, the eager adolescence, the fruitful college years . . . you want them all for your child, as every father does.

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identified with the statement of the Moscow exiles is significant. Of Germany's modern pro-Russian orientation his ancestor was no doubt the founder. But he was also the supreme architect of that unified, greater Germany from which Russia and Europe have twice suffered so bitterly. Since when has any member of the Bismarck clan ever striven disinterestedly and without deceit to serve democracy or peace? The opportune conversion of this aristocratic young prisoner of war, as German militarism's second débâcle looms up, is, to say the least, symbolic.

Soviet Participation

Certainly it is nonsense for an impassioned zealot, writing in *The New Masses*, to declare that those who might dissent from Russian policy in this one particular "would also bar the full participation of the Soviet Union from a European peace settlement." The contrary is the case. Russia will, it is hoped, be one of the cornerstones of that settlement. But the Kremlin is no more infallible in its views than Downing Street and the White House have always been in theirs. To maintain or build up a strong Germany was, after all, favored in some quarters not many years ago as a checkmate, an implement of war, against Russia herself. It may be so favored again. Has this been forgotten already? Those of us who warned of that danger then are entitled to warn of a similar danger now. Who knows but that German democrats, though feeble or faithless before, may ultimately be capable of banishing the expansionist traditions of German militarism; eventually even the masses of Germany might prefer self-rule to the rule of a master. Yet that is for the distant future to show. Meanwhile a world twice ravaged by them must learn from experience if its agony and its victory are not to have been in vain. A weak rather than a strong Germany (whatever its ideological disguise) is, after two German wars, the safer bet.

In defending Russian policy even the Atlantic Charter has been invoked—"the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." But what if the Germans choose, as has been their custom, forms of government which will be inimical sooner or later to Europe's peace? If at this juncture the Atlantic Charter is valid for the Free Germans of Moscow, it may be equally valid for a neo-Nazi or militarist revival whenever an impenitent faction can get away with one. There are some things about which we had all better think again and the application to Germany of the Atlantic Charter is among them.

Something Less?

At Casablanca Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill announced the Anglo-American demand for unconditional surrender. Russia's sponsorship of the Free German movement suggests, however, that she might be content with something less — that Russia would promise generosity of treatment if a German régime satisfactory to her were created. The differing approach may to some extent be the result of differing backgrounds. The Western Powers recall the charge of broken pledges after Versailles and how German propaganda exploited it. Any prior commitments of that sort they are trying to avoid this time; for revolution in Germany they would rely more on bombing, battle and blockade. But Russia, not having shared in the peacemaking of 1919, either fears no trouble from, or has fewer qualms about, advance pledges. In her political warfare moreover, she may be endeavoring to read a lesson to Britain and the United States. Italian domains and Western Europe now being the apparent zones of Anglo-American special interest, Russia might merely be pegging out a claim for Eastern and Central Europe as a sphere of her own. But is it shrewd of her to tie her hands ahead? She might, for example, agree that a reconstituted Poland should have a seacoast or maritime outlet on the Baltic other than the ill-fated Corridor. Yet if German territory is, as she implies, to be inviolable, this would be precluded.

One other aspect of Germany's post-war position is, however, being rendered luridly visible not by Russia but chiefly by the R.A.F., the R.C.A.F. and the U.S.A.A.F. While political warfare rages and while post-war planners argue, the new gigantic bombing campaign is actually diminishing the military potential of an industrialized Germany before our very eyes. Will the victors permit her to recover, will her heavy industries ever be restored? Russia would seem to feel that there is no objection to such a recovery provided only that socialists and democrats are first in control. But the unappreciated fact is that, literally and metaphorically, a Heaven-sent opportunity is now being furnished to facilitate after the war a permanent redistribution of Germany's industrial strength and hence of her military power as an inveterate aggressor. The historic moment must not be lost. For steps which are feasible at last when Germany has been brought low will be feasible no longer when Germany later on has girded up her loins once more.

Between Britain, the United States and Russia, post-war prospects are fortunately still fluid. Perhaps the Soviet Government are banking on a vested interest in German Communists as a counter with which to bargain over their disputed Western frontier. For realists in the Kremlin have not been hampered by an excessively rigid adherence to ideological doctrine. Underlying all else may be lingering suspicion of the other Great Powers, a scheme for Russia to reinsure herself against the enmity of the non-Soviet world by re-establishing Germany as a satellite — even though she may thereby set up a future menace to her own security. How is distrust such as this to be dispelled? It is for the West and principally for Britain, the United States and liberated France so to deal with Russia, and for her so to deal with them, that old unhappy memories will perish. The entire bent of British policy, as their 1942 Alliance indicates, is in that direction. American opinion should also see the point. For if Russia is at ease with us and if we are at ease with her she may be disposed to reconsider the risk she takes when she gambles again on that most intractable factor in modern politics, the deep-rooted and expansionist military tradition of the German people.

Allied success in knocking the German air force out of the skies over Sicily is credited to the activities of Allied fighter bombers, which have afforded maximum help to Allied ground forces by low-level bombing of enemy positions. Here a group are seen being bombed up for an attack.

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Canada Should Have R.E.M.E. Corps

BY O. T. G. WILLIAMSON

By tradition army ordnance corps have handled everything from stores to repairs. Mechanized war has called for highly specialized skill in the repairs branch and the Imperial Army has recognized this by establishing the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, separate from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Although our Canadian army is highly mechanized we have not yet followed this lead, despite the fact, as the author points out, that there are very definite disadvantages under the old system.

IF YOU were selecting a manager for a machine shop would you take him from a ribbon counter? If you were operating a department store and a machine shop would you have a joint manager for both? Without pausing for an answer, let us consider the Royal Canadian Ordnance Corps.

As in most things military, the R.C.O.C. was developed to conform with the practice in the Imperial Army. Ordnance is one of the oldest branches of the Service. It dealt originally exclusively with guns. As time went on and personal weapons and other items of military equipment were standardized, the ordnance handled equipment of all kinds, including clothing, barracks equipment and vehicles. With increased mechanization and greater precision in weapons, a highly technical branch was formed in which the services of qualified mechanical and electrical engineers were required. This has resulted in a sharp cleavage as represented by the technical and non-technical sides, the Ordnance Mechanical Engineers with their skilled tradesmen and the Stores officers and personnel. In consequence of the entirely different functions of the two divisions in the Ordnance Corps, difficulty in administration was bound to arise and has arisen. In the Imperial Army the difficulty was corrected. In the R.C.O.C. it still remains to the detriment of military efficiency.

No Strong Connection

Aside from administration the only real connection between the O side of Ordnance (Stores) and the E side (Engineering) is that the latter draws its supplies from the former. This is true of other branches of the Service. The duties of the E side are to keep in repair the vehicles and arms of the active army. The situation is complicated to some extent because the Army Service Corps has an independent staff for the care of certain vehicles. In addition, tradesmen are included in the strength of various units.

The E side is organized vertically from the Base to the front line. Base Workshops are established in England and at points such as Cairo to serve the forces employed in Africa. These undertake heavy repairs and even engage in such activities as the manufacture of parts on a production basis. More advanced are the Army Field Workshops, located in rear of the fighting front and, as their name implies, serving the Army as a whole. In front of these are the Light Aid Detachments (L.A.D.) which are attached to units, brigades or regiments. These make quick repairs in forward areas, putting tanks and vehicles back into service often at the points where they were disabled.

Few Engineer Officers

It was found in the early stages of the desert fighting that the enemy was beating us in the making of quick repairs. A stalled vehicle, a gun out of action or a tank which cannot advance is useless in a war of movement. Too many such might well mean defeat. It was imperative that we equal or surpass the performance of the enemy. An investigation disclosed that the ranking officers in the R.C.O.C. were Stores officers. They did not have a proper understanding of the importance and correct application of the mechanical skill under their control. The best of their equipment and the most skilful of their personnel were at the Base Workshops and the worst were in the L.A.D.'s. In consequence it was decided to effect a change. This was started in June 1942, and was completed by the end of September of that year. An entirely new Corps was formed known as the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (R.E.M.E.). It is freely admitted that this new Corps played a very vital part in Gen. Montgomery's unparalleled advance which culminated in throwing the Huns out of Africa.

Precisely the same situation exists in the R.C.O.C. today as that which gave rise to the formation of R.E.M.E. In response to questions in Parliament it was disclosed that none of the District Ordnance Officers were qualified engineers, that on the Stores side, in Canada and Overseas, there were seventeen colonels and five brigadiers, and on the E side only nine colonels and one brigadier, and further that of officers given the Canadian war staff course eight were stores officers and only two were O.M.E.'s. As a war staff course is almost essential for promotion to the higher ranks, the outlook for engineers in this highly technical service is not good. In addition to all this it was disclosed that neither of the officers in command of the Ordnance Training Centre in Canada were fully qualified and experienced Mechanical engineers. In such a fully mechanized force as the Canadian Army a situation of this sort is disquieting, to say the least.

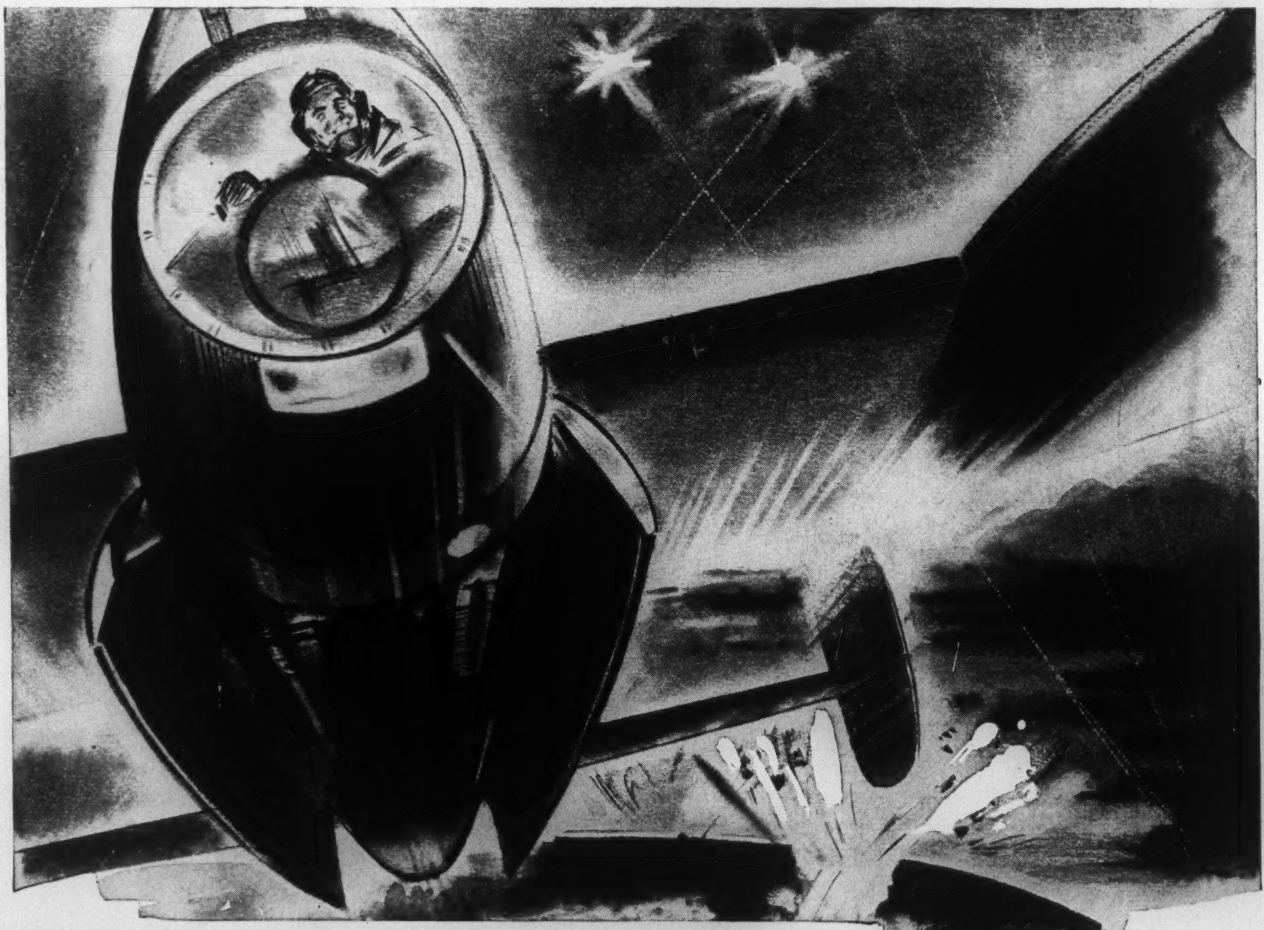
Engineers Lost to R.C.O.C.

The opportunity to form a R.C.E.M.E. before our forces are fully engaged should not be missed. The British, with a much larger organization to deal with and in contact with the enemy, did it in three months. We might do the same and with the same beneficial result. There can be little doubt that the present set-up of the R.C.O.C. is causing some trouble to the Commanding Officer of our First Division. That Division is part of the 8th British Army to which units of R.E.M.E. are attached. To function smoothly, we should be organized on similar lines.

That the public may not be misled, it is well to know that the question of the formation of a new mechanical engineering corps has been discussed in England with Lt.-Gen. McNaughton. These discussions have resulted in some changes of name but in nothing else. The E Branch is still, as formerly, part of the R.C.O.C. The reasons given for refusing to adopt the British system are not convincing. It is argued that setting up a new corps would require the services of additional officers. It might be expected, with a reorganization, that certain of the Stores officers could be retired or used on other duties. The adverse decision also rests in part on the fact that the Canadian Corps would be smaller than its British counterpart and so would not have officers of sufficient rank and prestige to deal with senior officers of the Army. Since the majority of the senior officers of the R.C.O.C. are not at present competent to discuss technical questions this excuse has little weight. From the preponderance of Stores officers in the higher ranks, it would appear that loss of prestige on the Socks and Shirts side may have been the determining factor.

The whole issue should be judged from the point of view of efficiency. There can be little doubt that technical units commanded by qualified engineers will be more efficient than under the command of non-professional officers. The time factor favors the change and the necessity demands it. The question of securing properly qualified officer material is also of importance. Already the R.C.O.C. has lost the services of qualified engineers who recognize that under the present set-up their chances of promotion are not in accord with their professional standing. This is true of certain tradesmen as well. Those employed by the R.C.A.S.C. and those who are on the strength of combatant units, regardless of their skill, are largely debarred from promotion beyond a certain definite limit. Under R.C.E.M.E. all these could, with advantage to themselves and to the army, be made a part of the new corps. Unfortunately in Canada, where it is one jump from a department store to a full colonelcy and where the Permanent Force is intent on holding all it has and getting more, military efficiency has not always been the prime consideration.

A complacent attitude on this question is not good enough. The lives of our fighting men are involved.



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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Labor Court Is and Should Be a Court

BY B. K. SANDWELL

THE reason for the misunderstandings, grievances and general troubles that are arising in connection with the functioning of the new institutions set up, in the Dominion and in various provinces, for the adjustment of the relations between workers and employers is beginning to become clear. It is to be found in a failure to distinguish between conciliation, which is a job of persuasion, and adjudication, which is a job of interpretation and decision.

Until the last few years there has been nothing in countries like Canada and the United States, which the state could undertake to do for the adjustment of the relations between workers and employers, except to conciliate. It is a useful and important task, for which the state has valuable machinery. It can compel the clear definition of conflicting claims, the face-to-face discussion of them, the publication of them with the comments of an impartial authority, all of which is very helpful towards bringing to bear the pressure of an informed public opinion which is in the long run the best persuasive influence for effecting agreement.

But in recent years the situation has totally changed. The reason why conciliation was all that the state could provide was simply that there was in those earlier years nothing that the state could adjudicate, nothing that it could decide. The "rights" of the parties to the quarrel were not in doubt or dispute. The employer had the ordinary right of an owner of property, to refuse to admit workers to that property except on his own terms. The worker had the contrary right, to refuse to accept those terms and to stay away from the property, and a further and less clear right, to persuade other workers to stay away also. These rights did not conflict; it was in the use made of them that conflict arose, and all the state could do was to try and persuade both sides not to use their rights to an extent that the other side could not tolerate.

TODAY the workers have acquired, and have accepted, rights which impinge very heavily on the hitherto absolute right of the employer to use his own property after his own fashion. Wages are fixed; the worker has acquired a sort of right—somewhat ill defined, but nevertheless a right—to continued employment, so long as there is work to be done in his job, at the same wages, and with cost-of-living bonuses and working conditions which are more or less defined. He has acquired also the right to have himself represented, in negotiations about whatever is left to negotiate about, by the persons or organization chosen by the majority of his fellow-workers.

These are rights. They are not things to be demanded and granted or refused; they are things to be defined with reference to the individual case and then enforced. The process of defining and enforcing them is not conciliation; it does not depend in the slightest degree upon bringing about a friendly state of mind. It is judicial decision; it depends upon interpretation of statute law and textual agreements. The proper machinery for defining and enforcing these rights is, like the machinery for defining and enforcing any other right, a court.

A LARGE part of organized labor—and the CCF party as a Labor party—seems to be unable to get it into its head that when you are dealing with *rights* you do not conciliate, you adjudicate; that what you have to do is to find out what the rights mean in the particular case in question; that it is hopeless to expect the rival claimants to come to terms when each of them thinks that his definition of his rights is correct and the other fellow's is wrong. When one man thinks that sixty cents is a fair wage and the other man thinks it should be seventy you can maybe get them to agree on sixty-five rather than have a strike; but when one man thinks that he has a statutory right to get his labor at sixty cents and the other thinks the statutory rate is seventy the only thing to do is to get a judge to decide how the law works out in the particular case. That is largely the kind of situation we are in today. The workers claim a certain cost-of-living bonus *as a right;* the employer (who is usually merely an agent of the state) claims to be permitted to pay a lower bonus *as a right;* a Labor Court decides the issue, and is really a court and not a conciliating officer.

Both the Dominion and the province of Ontario have set up such courts. They are functioning as courts, and labor professes to be greatly aggrieved thereat; but it is hard to see how they could do any-

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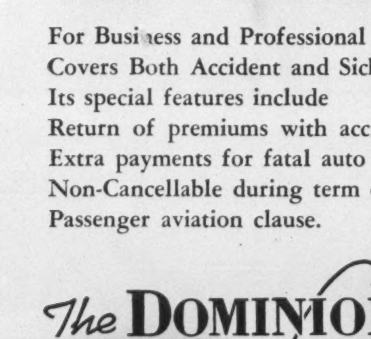

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thing else. The Dominion court does not apparently refuse to hear argument by other persons than lawyers; the Ontario court insists on lawyers, apparently because of an oversight in drawing up the legislation. There should of course be no such limitation. The exclusive privilege of lawyers properly "called to the Bar" in ordinary courts is due not to any desire to protect their monopoly, but to the desire to protect the clients from incompetent advice and inadequate representation; there is no reason why an organization of workers should not be represented by its own officials instead of a lawyer if it so desires, and nobody need worry about the ability of the employer to protect himself with or without a lawyer.

BUT with this exception—and even that does not seem to me very important, for I do think that a workers' organization would usually get better results by employing a lawyer, and should nearly always be well able to afford one,—a court and not a conciliation board is what is needed, and court procedure is correct and justified, and will in no great time result in the building up of a body of jurisprudence in regard to these new rights which will clarify them and reduce disputes concerning them to a minimum. It is their novelty that makes disputes about them so common at present.

Mr. F. A. Brewin, the able lawyer who ran as CCF candidate in St. George's division of Toronto and who is generally credited with drawing up the CCF "Collective Bargaining Bill," has written an article in the CCF weekly, *The New Commonwealth,* in which he still maintains "the CCF contention that an administrative board with labor represented should administer any collective bargaining Act" and objects to "the coldly formal legalistic and technical approach with which a matter which involves human relations is handled." Conciliation, says Mr. Brewin, "is out of the question in such an atmosphere." But in no single line of his article is there any suggestion of any subject-matter coming before the court, or held desirable to bring before the court, in which conciliation is needed or is possible.

THE chief job of the court has been to determine what organization of workers should be certified as bargaining agency for what workers. Does Mr. Brewin wish to suggest that the state should "conciliate" between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., or between what he calls a "company union" and the C.I.O., and if so how does he expect it to be done? If the workers can't conciliate between their own rival organizations, how, and by what right, can the state do it? The state has taken the vastly preferable course of laying down certain principles by which the bargaining agency is to be determined, and the task of determining which of two rival bargaining agencies is indicated by those principles is not one of "conciliating" anybody, it is one of adjudicating.

THE C.I.O. is convinced that there ought to be no company unions. (It is of course equally convinced that there ought to be no A.F. of L. unions in any industry where there might be a C.I.O. one, but it doesn't quite like to make that a declared policy.) Mr. Brewin takes exception to the inclusion of the word "improperly" before the "assisted or financed by the employer" phrase which describes the kind of unions that are prohibited. I think his objection is sound, because the truth is that there is absolutely no existing criterion of propriety for the financing of unions, and to ask the court to develop such a criterion entirely out of its own head seems to me to be evading the duty of the legislator. The truth of course is that the C.I.O.—and therefore the CCF—do not care an iota how a union is financed, so long as it is not in any way influenced in its policies by the employer. If it is a C.I.O. union they would be perfectly willing to have it provided with a meeting-hall, a secretary, and an annual banquet by the employer; but they want to have something in the law which will enable them to rule out the kind of union which is confined to the workers of a single employer, and the "assisted or financed" clause seems useful for this purpose; and the "improperly" makes it harder to invoke.

MR. BREWIN during the campaign still maintained the thesis embodied in his CCF Collective Bargaining Bill, that the conflicting rights of labor and employer should be passed upon by a board containing one craft union man, one industrial union man and a neutral, thus giving labor two votes and capital none even for disputes to which capital is a party. This was highly popular with the unions, and may have gained the CCF a lot of votes, but if enacted it would obviously make all voluntary investment of new capital within the province impossible. Mr. Brewin's defence is that disputes would be largely between two different kinds of union; but this is not true of *all* the disputes which would come before the tribunal, and even where it is true there would seem to be no object in having one C.I.O. man who would always vote C.I.O. and one A.F. of L. man who would always vote A.F. of L., and a third neutral who would decide. You might just as well have a more qualified neutral in the person of a judge and let it go at that. In cases where the employer is a direct party, and his rights are involved, the Brewin tribunal is clearly impossible, no matter how much Mr. Brewin may orate about "human relations."

The Ontario court has made some eminently proper decisions in the five weeks that it has been functioning. It has thrown out the "Niagara formula" by which employers have sought to be regarded as "negotiating" with a union while refusing to meet any committee except a specially constituted shop committee. It has ruled that employees on an illegal strike are not entitled to vote on the choice of bargaining agency. Mr. Brewin himself, in spite of the strictures of his colleague Miss Macphail on the judiciary, has spoken in the highest terms of the attitude of Mr. Justice Gillanders, the first judge to serve in the court, and of the skill of Professor Finkelman as Registrar.

Successor to Major-General Odlum as High Commissioner for Canada in Australia, Mr. Justice T. C. Davis is seen with Mrs. Davis in the garden of their Canberra residence, trying to coax a Magpie to "sit" for a movie.

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THE HITLER WAR

It Should Have Been the Cairo Conference

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

Quebec City.

NEWSPAPER and radio correspondents of course never show any excitement, and those gathered at the Hotel Clarendon (which offers your correspondent at the moment its finest room, though with uncertain tenure) are doing their best to look as blasé and talk as cynically as the unwritten rules of the profession demand.

When one has been around here a little while and experienced the extreme secrecy with which the conference and all its conferees are being surrounded, so that there seems little hope either of any real news to work on, or even the expected luncheon chats in the Chateau with minor officials, one might concede that the air of the correspondents is justified. Yet for a half-hour on Sunday afternoon I felt a real tingle of excitement in Quebec.

It was, as might be expected, on the dramatic Dufferin Terrace. Here, high above the majestic St. Lawrence and below the gaunt old Citadel, one always gets the strongest sense of Canada's history. Montcalm's shadow stands behind one, and Wolfe's men row with muffled oars up the river, to scale the cliffs to the Plains of Abraham. Sunday-promenading with one are men of such famous regiments as the Maisonneuve and the Voltigeurs.

But now, in this superb setting, the sense of new history being made dominated the scene. Winston Churchill, with his sure feeling for the historical and for history-making, has taken up his residence, not in the most elaborate suite of the magnificent Chateau Frontenac, but in the rugged old Citadel.

The scene is bathed in brilliant sunshine for awhile, then clouds over darkly for a heavy rain squall, and clears again. It seems almost like a portent. For over this glittering conference, which we so proudly welcome to Canada, hang very dark clouds. For an Anglo-American-Canadian conference, Quebec provides a fitting locale. But I, for one, would have willingly foregone my view of it had it been possible to hold it in Cairo. Every sensitive observer here feels keenly the absence of Joseph Stalin, without whose participation no happy ending can be made to this war, and no sound peace framed.

What I'm Afraid Of . . .

There has been a lot of foolish talk about why he isn't here. It is said that the conference is to be mainly about the war against Japan, and that since Russia isn't at war with Japan, Stalin couldn't attend. Here we are, with Mussolini gone and Italy hanging on the ropes, with the Russians sweeping the Germans before them, with Germany staggering under our mighty aerial offensive, riven by internal political crisis and her alliance ready to dissolve, and the leaders of Britain, the United States and Canada should hurry to confer on an Aleutians or Burma campaign!

What I am afraid of is that they have come to prepare the military move which we should now be actually launching, to take advantage of the tide of victory: the grand leap across the Channel, following hard on the bombing of Berlin.

I know that it is presumptuous, ridiculous, and so on, for a civilian commentator to criticize the military planning of the Allied High Commands. But after four years of preparation, with our overwhelming air power, our great sea power, our almost excessive production of arms, and our great armies unweakened by heavy casualties, should we not be ready to strike at this great moment?

The German Fortress still looks imposing, it is true. Its walls are thick, and the arithmetic computation of its defenders gives an imposing total. But this fortress is deeply undermined by the blood-letting of the best of its garrison in the east, and the pounding of its installations and its civilian population from the west. With a great shove from both sides together it would simply disappear one fine day into the hole. No fortress in history has ever been stronger than the spirit of its defenders, and every report from Germany confirms that the German people have now completely lost the belief that they can win this war.

To Save Something

What keeps them fighting on is the last hope that they can wiggle out of utter defeat and save at least something, through the division in policy between Russia and the Western Allies. What is needed now, were the military plans for our final blow all ready, is a convincing political agreement with Russia which would blast this final German hope and give us a real victory.

Lacking such, the Germans quite naturally are encouraged to read in *Pravda* the open suggestion that there are powerful groups in the United States which do not want the war to end quickly. Here we have again the old Soviet suspicion that we wouldn't really mind seeing both Russia and Germany worn out. How they square this suspicion with the amount of material aid which we are still pouring in to them, I don't know.

Some people insist that the reason we cannot reach an agreement with Russia is because Stalin's policy is so "enigmatic." Actually his policy towards Germany, which must be the key to the resettlement of Europe, has been much more clearly expressed than ours. He always proclaims in his orders of the day "Death to the German invaders!", and makes it clear that the German army must withdraw behind its old frontier. But he invariably distinguishes between "Hitlerite Germany" and Germany.

He calls for the destruction of the former, and would certainly make a clean sweep of the Junkers and industrialists who fostered and used it for their expansive purposes. He has expressly stated that Russia does not aim at the destruction of all military power in Germany, and the indication of Soviet propaganda is that he does not desire the dismemberment of Germany (he believes in bigger, not smaller, economic and political units). Indeed, the recently significant "Free German Manifesto" issued from Moscow is headlined *"Germany must not die!"*

A New German State

This manifesto, which must be considered as an indirect expression of Stalin's policy, calls for a new German state of workers and others, of a stronger form than the Weimar Republic, which proved unable to resist the coup d'état of the Junkers and Nazis. Within such a state Stalin holds out to the Germans the promise of freedom of person, assembly, press, religion, and trade with the rest of Europe, though it is possible that this promise is intended primarily to secure an easier German surrender, and might prove as slow in promulgation as the similar promise contained in the new Soviet Constitution.

This is apparently the pattern of a Germany with which Stalin thinks he could get along. Have we developed any such pattern for ourselves? We have found no exiled German group with which we want to work, nor even formed a "Free Austrian" movement. We have only our oft-reiterated demand for "Unconditional Surrender", which is beginning to sound like an excuse for our lack of real plan.

After all, we are going to do something with Germany, and it isn't going to be as bad as Goebbels is telling his people (sterilization of millions of males, removal of young children to foreign countries for re-education, cutting up of the Reich into 300 duchies, and so on). Can't we bring out our proposals? Or have we not formulated them yet?

Time presses. *The dynamic of the war is constantly accelerating. It would be a complete misconception to judge its remaining length by the distance in miles which we still are from Berlin.* And also to think that Stalin is content to prolong Russia's

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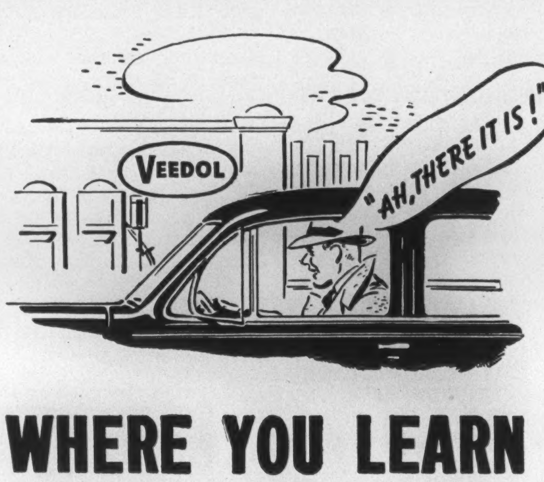

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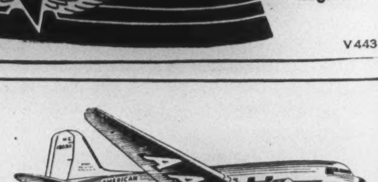

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ordeal in order to spare us heavy casualties; to renounce political warfare and win the war the hard way through our blank formula of "Unconditional Surrender"; to join in a dismemberment of Germany which would leave Anglo-American power predominant in Europe and the Atlantic world; and aid in an assault on Japan which would establish the United States as the dominant power in the Pacific and in China.

Stalin in 1939, Today

As John Scott laid down so ably in his *Duel For Europe* Stalin has an "either-or" policy today, just as he did in 1939. He would have chosen an Anglo-French alliance then had Chamberlain sent high-ranking British negotiators to Moscow and given convincing proof that Britain meant business. Failing this he dealt with Germany, thinking to secure the desired security through extended frontiers.

Might not our continued tardiness in establishing the kind of "second front" against Germany which he has demanded over and over again during the past two years, and our various deals with reactionary and clerical forces in Europe have confirmed his old suspicion of the "capitalist" powers, and induced him to seek his ends through his other alternative, a European revolution to sweep out the reactionaries, and a bloc of Moscow-dominated Slavic countries to give him strategic cover?

In retarding Allied agreement with Russia, the major onus must fall on American diplomacy. Britain, in spite of the disaster unleashed upon her by the Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939, moved unhesitatingly to Russia's aid in June 1941, and entered a 20-Year Alliance with her a year later. As Walter Lippman says, it was American intervention, using the persuasion of Lease-Lend aid, which prevented Britain from negotiating then a definite settlement with Russia on her Eastern European demands.

Where's the Dividing Line?

The abandonment of Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, Washington urged, would be contrary to the spirit of the Atlantic Charter. One has to respect such idealism. I have been in Latvia and Lithuania, and had the clear impression that the former at least was a good deal happier country than the Soviet Union. I don't think that the people of these little countries really wanted to join the Soviet Union in 1940; they would like to be independent again.

But where is the dividing line between idealism and romanticism? Stalin will not retreat from his demand for these territories, lost by Russia after the last war. We have to decide whether we want Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, or an agreement with Russia which holds some hope of a secure peace in Europe. And if we do opt for idealism, how can we really assure the independence of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia against Russian wishes? Does anyone suggest for a moment that we would fight for them?

Checking the welded seams of a tank with a million-volt x-ray machine.

I hate to say that we should abandon these small countries. Yet the Russians must consider it an insult for us to suggest that incorporation in the Soviet Union is a "terrible" fate for them. And what can Stalin think of our fervor for securing the independence of these Baltic peoples, while Britain resists the similar claims of a large part of the Indian people, the United States continues her discrimination against negroes, and even Canada has her French problem.

I don't suggest that we should do everything that Russia wants. But I believe, as our leaders have been reiterating for two years past, that a moderately confident working agreement with Russia is needed to secure a real victory from this calamitous war, and avert another, which might sweep our present civilization away.

In order to reach such an agreement we will have occasionally to try to see things through Russian eyes. As they see it today, we are proceeding with excessive caution, leaving the heavy casualties to them, and without any coherent plan for the political resettlement of Europe (beyond what they regard as an attempt to reconstitute a *cordon sanitaire* along their western border), or any clear notion of what to do about the social revolution which underlies the military conflict, which has been going on all the time, but which we have ignored in favor of what our leaders always urge, "getting on with the war".

The first essential of an agreement with Russia, and prerequisite to getting Stalin to any Allied conference, is a large-scale front against Germany on the continent. On account of supply and air power considerations, that means across the Channel. It may well be that it is Stalin's fault, in dealing with Germany instead of us in 1939, that there hasn't been a "second front" in Western Europe all the time, or perhaps no war at all. But we will have to put that behind us. Somewhere we must draw a line in our relations with Russia, and make a fresh start.

Britain showed that realization in June 1941, and in the alliance treaty of June 1942, due not a little to the vision of Anthony Eden. Just as I close this article the news comes in that Mr. Eden will arrive soon to join the Quebec Conference. Perhaps, if the much-rumored recasting of State Department policy and personnel has really begun, he will be able, even thus tardily, to secure Allied agreement on a policy towards Germany and Eastern Europe, as well as on Soviet participation in our policy (if such there be) towards France and Italy, which he can later take to Moscow for a deal with Stalin.

Sicilian Thrust

●Rapier thrust at the heart of Italy, the Sicilian invasion represented the biggest combined operation of land, sea and air forces in all history. Yet, without Canada's contribution of motorized army units and other war equipment, the island's beaches might never have been stormed — the war, itself, would probably have been lost. During the three years struggle for North Africa, Canadian army vehicles kept flowing to the battlefront in a mounting stream. More than half the transports used by General Montgomery in his final desert drive were Canadian built.

If all the 500,000 military vehicles, produced in Canada, were placed in close order the line would stretch 2,000 miles — and Thompson War Workers are proud to have played a part in the building of each of them. At the forefront of the production front, they are fighting at their lathes, grinders and other machines to deliver essential parts for motorized units, aircraft, guns — almost every type of fighting equipment. Each shares a personal sense of responsibility in the making of parts wherein precision is not measured "hairlines" but by the merest fraction of hairs.

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Only Canada Has No National Library

BY LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

The Parliamentary Librarian at Ottawa, in his report this year, has recommended the establishment of a National Library and the conversion of the Library in the Parliament Buildings into a purely legislative collection for Senators and Members.

This is a project which has been agitated for more than thirty years, and which had the sympathy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Parliamentary Library premises cannot be enlarged, and are not suited for any other purpose than that of a purely official collection.

Mr. Burpee is one of Canada's best-known authors, and secretary of the International Joint Commission.

THIRTY-TWO years ago I met Sir Wilfrid Laurier entering the eastern gateway to Parliament Hill in Ottawa. He shook hands, with his grave and courteous smile, and asked me to walk along with him. He said he had just been reading an article of mine in the *University Magazine* in which I made a plea for a National Library. He was in entire agreement with me that it was one of those things that Canada should have had long since, but—it was also one of those things that people were too inclined to leave to the wisdom of God, forgetting the shrewd reminder of Benjamin Franklin that "God helps them that help themselves."

In the article to which Sir Wilfrid referred I had said: "There is always difficulty in breaking ground for a new project, however worthy and however real the need that it would fill. There exist, however, certain circumstances which, assuming a sympathetic attitude on the part of the government, might serve as a foundation. It is well known that for years past the Library of Parliament has been so crowded for space, books being shelved two and even three deep, that its usefulness has been seriously affected. The architectural plan of the present building makes it practically impossible to add to the shelving within the chamber, and absolutely impossible to enlarge the building itself. It is thought necessary, therefore, either to find room elsewhere for the books crowded out of the present chamber, or to build a new library. These are the alternatives that have hitherto presented themselves. But there is a third alternative. Let the government adopt the policy of a national library; erect a suitable building for its accommodation in some central locality; and remove from the Library of Parliament to the National Library all books and other material that would properly find a place in such an institution, but which serve no very useful purpose in a purely legislative library. Of the books at present crowded into the Library of Parliament, probably two-thirds could be removed to a National Library without affecting the value of the collection for legislative purposes. This would leave, say, one hundred thousand volumes in the Library of Parliament, embracing all material which would have any definite value as legislative material. Any other work that might occasionally be required for parliamentary use would still be readily accessible in the National Library. Here, then, we would have some two hundred thousand volumes as the nucleus of a Canadian National Library, a nucleus around which it would be possible in a few years to build a noble collection of books."

In going a step further and discussing possible sites for a National Library, I said that Sir Wilfrid had repeatedly expressed the opinion that the building occupied by the Printing Bureau was an eyesore and should be removed. "It would be a comparatively easy matter to secure a satisfactory site for the Printing Bureau elsewhere, leaving the present site for a National Library building that would harmonize with the existing buildings on Parliament Hill. The National Library would then be within easy reach of the Archives, the Library of Parliament, and all the government departments, and, as has been done in Washington, it could, if necessary, be connected with other government buildings by pneumatic tubes, for the conveyance of both messages and books."

Sir Wilfrid left me with the assurance that he was deeply interested, that he did not anticipate any serious difficulty in adopting the policy of a National Library, and that as far as he was concerned the sooner the unsightly building housing the Printing Bureau was removed from Nepean Point, and a dignified building put in its place, the better. I had suggested as a possible alternative, if the government could not see its way to setting up an independent National Library, that the national and the legislative library be combined in one, as has been done with the Library of Congress, and the present library chamber used solely as a reading-room, similar to the reading-rooms of the British Museum and the rotunda of the Library of Congress. Sir Wilfrid, I was relieved to see, did not think well of the idea. He said, as I thought very wisely, that the plan had worked in Washington not because it was the best plan but merely because Dr. Putnam, the then Librarian of Congress, was a very resourceful and far-sighted man and had made the most effective use of the tools available.

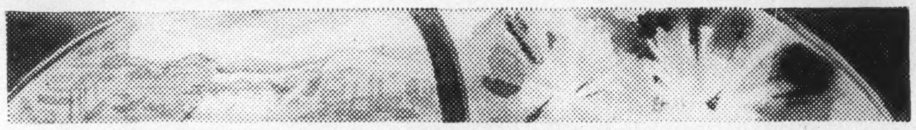
The 1911 Election

My talk with Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in 1911, and it will perhaps be remembered that we had a general election in that year. Before anything could be done about the National Library project, Sir Wilfrid had surrendered the reins of office to Mr. Borden, and although the new Prime Minister was also alive to the advantages of a National Library, matters that seemed to be of more immediate practical importance kept cropping up, and the policy as to a National Library, if there was one, was tucked away into a pigeon-hole, and has been gathering dust there ever since.

Now, once more, there happens to be a gleam of hope. In his annual report to the Joint Parliamentary Committee on the Library of Parliament, the General Librarian, Felix Desrochers, makes a strong appeal for the establishment of a National Library distinct from the Library of Parliament; and the Parliamentary Committee recommends to Parliament "that as soon as circumstances permit the Government should consider the desirability of creating a national library, and the maintenance of the existing library as a parliamentary library for the use of Honourable Senators and Members of Parliament." What action, if any, the government will take, remains to be seen. Probably it may be too much to expect that anything will be done about it until after the war, but one may at least hope that room will be found for a National Library building among those public undertakings that are being listed as After-the-War projects.

Canada Ranks With Siam

The action of governments in matters of this kind, is, however, often influenced, if it is not determined, by the extent and seriousness of the public support given to a particular project. If a sufficient number of Canadians are convinced that a National Library is at least as important as a National Museum, a National Archives or a National Gallery, a National Library we shall have in due course. For the sake of those who are not quite sure what they think, it may not be out of place to remind them that Canada enjoys the dubious distinction of ranking with Siam and Abyssinia in this one respect—none of the three possesses a national library. Not only have all the great nations maintained national libraries for hundreds of years, but among the noteworthy buildings at The Hague, Brussels, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Berne, Athens, and Lisbon—if some of them have not fallen victim to German barbarism—will always be found the national library. And what is true of Europe, is true also of Spanish and Portuguese America.



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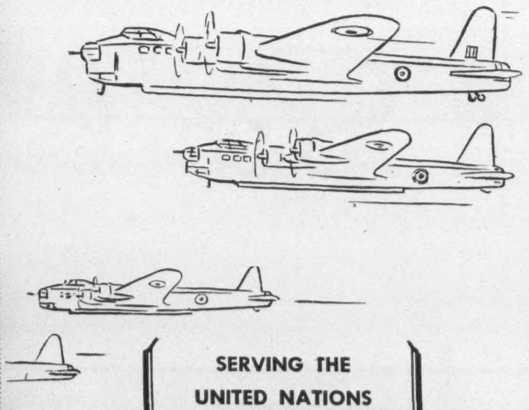

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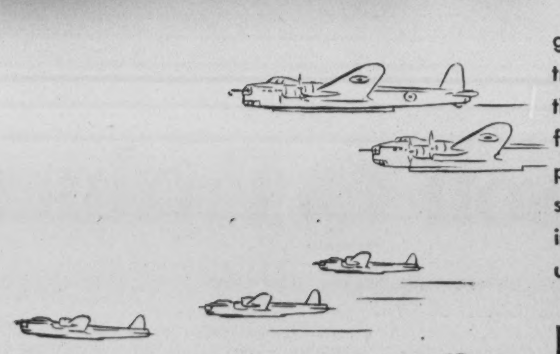

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The Canadian Army Now Wants Canadians Who Have Reached The Age of 18.

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Department of National Defence (Army)

Life Was Brutal Before the Days of Policing

BY CHARLES CLAY

Policing is not such an old business, as this story of what happened to John Green in London less than two centuries ago very clearly shows.

But policing has revolutionised the character of our home life in city and country.

Why should not international policing revolutionise the character of our international relations?

The author is the secretary of the League of Nations Society of Canada, and a well-known writer of books on economics and books for the young.

WHAT happened before there were policemen? Did men live amicably one with another, friendly and generous? Or was there misunderstanding, arrogance, selfishness, chaos?

Listen to the true story of John Green, who was a coal agent and an alehouse keeper in London town a hundred and seventy-five years ago.

Green was accused by his coal heavers of interfering with their terms of employment. They were not interested in discussing the question. To them, there was no argument. They simply promised to burn his house down and kill him outright.

The men were mostly hoodlums, and Green knew exactly what their promise meant. It meant what it said.

Therefore Green went to the Lord Mayor of London for protection. But he did not get protection. He got only sympathy. The Lord Mayor told him to take his problem up with the local magistrate.

Mr. Green therefore repaired to that officer, but he did not get any farther there. The magistrate informed him he had only parish constables and night watchmen. These were entirely inadequate to protect anyone. And while the magistrate had power to call out the militia to quell a disturbance, he could not do so until a fire was actually burning, or a murder half done.

This assurance was not entirely to the satisfaction of Mr. Green, so he went home, deciding to enlist the support of his neighbors.

From some of his neighbors he got sympathy, from all of them he got expressions of their neutrality. They were not going to get mixed up in any brawl. It was none of their business. They were not involved in any argument with coal heavers. And even if the coal heavers did set light to Mr. Green's house, they hoped to escape untouched.

However, when Mr. Green left his neighbors, he was not surprised to see them look to the priming of their firearms, and put candles (which indicated they were neutral in the quarrel) in the windows of their houses.

Now Mr. Green was a stout gentleman. He decided to handle the coal-heavers himself. He therefore sent his wife and children away from home, and prepared to withstand a siege. His housemaid, of similar stout stuff, volunteered to stay with him and help in the fight. And it so happened that a friendly sailor, rolling down the street, saw the preparations and expected excitement. He offered to join them, and when the mob arrived it found two muskets poking out windows and two resolute men behind the stocks.

A World Without Police

The battle soon began, and more than 200 bullets were fired by the mob, through the window which Mr. Green was using as a loophole, and buried themselves in the wall behind him. Because of the brisk assistance of the maid who reloaded the firearms, and because of the unerring accuracy of the two men, the mob was held off. Nineteen of their numbers were killed. And then Mr. Green's ammunition gave out. He realized the leader of the mob would soon learn of this and rush the dwelling, so Green climbed up on the roof, taunted the mob, and when they gave chase, lured them away.

By this time the magistrate had called out the troops and the mob of coal heavers were dispersed. Green came out of hiding in an old sawmill and was promptly charged with murder.

The trial was short and dramatic, and a jury of Mr. Green's peers declared him not guilty. He was released and returned home.

Do you think this was the end of the matter?

Not at all. The night that Mr. Green was released, Mr. Green's sister decided to hold a party to celebrate the occasion. Everything was going splendidly. There were lights and warmth and pleasure in the sister's house. The guests were chattering with great animation, and a spirit of general good fellowship held sway.

Suddenly there was a dreadful clamor in the street, the sister's front door burst open, a second coal heavers' mob rushed in upon the celebration, caught the sister by the hair and dragged her out onto the street. It was a matter of minutes before the mob rushed off the scene of the attack, leaving the sister's dead body on the cobblestones.

Thus a world without police.

Peel's Preventatives

In 18th Century England, lawlessness prevailed. A man's residence was an armed castle. Even the beds were made with shelves along the side where a blunderbuss could be parked at night. Timorous persons carried money in packages, ready to hand over to thugs who waylaid them. Even Cabinet Ministers regarded assaults on the street as a troublesome but inescapable part of their burden of office.

By 1820 there were hundreds of associations organized to protect wealthy citizens. They appeased thugs with money. They bought back stolen goods. And they grew fat acting as middlemen between the wealthy and the wicked.

But in 1829 came a revolutionary movement. Sir Robert Peel presented his bill for the establishment of an experiemental force of preventive police. His idea was to have a body of uniformed men who would round up miscreants and present them to the courts for trial and punishment.

Astonishingly enough, Sir Robert's proposals raised a storm in Parliament, and even the press. And though the bill finally passed, for the first few years there was much opposition to the "bobbies."

But 30 years later, by 1860, the principle of Peel's preventive police was in effect throughout all of Britain and, indeed, throughout the Empire.

Today, 1943, the principles behind preventive police are still in their infancy. Only a few countries in the world have such police. The gendarmerie is a military force with policing duties. But the police of the English-speaking nations is an entirely different kind of body. It is preventive, restrictive, permanent.

At the moment preventive policing is confined to specific nations. It should be adopted internationally. It would be a world police force, policing the world as various police bodies now police nations.

Imagination, energy, resolution, vision will finally bring about this progressive development. It is your job and my job to get behind the idea of a world police and press it actively forward, rather than oppose it, or even remain indifferent to it.

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Unfortunately, the supply of Spun Rock Wool is, at present, almost wholly absorbed for war purposes. Nevertheless it is not wholly impossible that taxes will outlast war. The moral is obvious. And last winter's somewhat severe lessons as to the advisability of home insulation should not be forgotten.

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"Glavsevmorput": Russia's Northern Sea Route

BY COM. E. P. YOUNG, R.N.

The Soviet Northern Sea Route is only open about three months in the year but it saves eight thousand miles over the old route from Murmansk to Vladivostok, and, more important, the ships run practically no risk of being attacked. Vast convoys from the United States are using the route in comparative safety.

THE announcement that Ivan Papanin, the famous Soviet Arctic explorer who was chief of the "North Pole" Drifting Station, has been made a Rear-Admiral is an indication of the great importance accorded by the Soviet authorities to the work being done by the Department which he directs.

Ivan Papanin is chief of "Glavsevmorput," the Northern Sea Route Administration, which is responsible for the development of all Soviet territory north of the sixty-second northern parallel and for the conduct of navigation between Murmansk and Vladivostok, both of them tasks which have increased very much in importance since, and because of, the war.

"Glavsevmorput" has been described as "a modern Socialist equivalent of the British East India Company." It "owns" one fourth of the territory of the Soviet Union, with an area half as great again as that of India, but with a population at the present time of only a bare million inhabitants, which is, for obvious reasons, never likely to become very great. It has an annual budget of some two hundred million roubles, and employed, at the outbreak of war, between 30,000 and 40,000 persons.

Savings in Ships

Its objects are to develop and organize the human and material resources of the vast territory with which it is entrusted for the purpose of raising the material and cultural levels of its inhabitants to that obtaining in less backward and less neglected parts of the Soviet Union and of thereby enriching the whole of the Soviet peoples; and to develop and maintain navigation along its coasts, which is advantageous no less from an economic, than from a strategic, point of view.

The promotion of Ivan Papanin to high naval rank would seem to indicate that it is the latter of these which is proving the more important at the present time. Nor is this surprising when one considers its effects in relation to the country's war effort.

From Murmansk to Vladivostok via the Indian Ocean or the Panama Canal is a distance of almost 14,000 miles, over a great part of which ships are exposed to risk of destruction by enemy action. Via the Northern Sea Route that distance is reduced to a mere 6,000 miles over the greater part of which ships run no risk whatsoever of being attacked and over the remainder of which even the risk of attack is very slight. Past the Aleutian Islands from which the Japanese are likely soon to be expelled completely up through the Behring Straits, and then westward to the ports established at the mouths of the great rivers of Siberia and beyond them, if required, to Murmansk, can travel with safety vast convoys of ships carrying urgently needed foodstuffs from the United States and Latin-America for the brave peoples and armies of the Soviet Union.

Navigation Aids

The passage is inevitably a slow one, it is true, taking anything from two to three months for the full journey from Vladivostok to Murmansk or vice versa. It is true also, that the route can be made use of during only about three months in the year. These factors make for apparently wasteful use of shipping, but it would seem likely that such "waste" will be smaller than, and preferable to the waste of ships and their valuable cargoes which is caused by enemy action on the alternative routes.

Navigation along this ice-ridden route is rendered possible only by the scientific co-ordinated use of meteorology, radio-telegraphy and ice-breakers.

"Glavsevmorput" has set up, and maintains in constant service throughout the year, 57 Polar Stations, which observe meteorological conditions in the zone where the world's weather is "born" and a vast number, running now, no doubt, into well over a hundred, of radio stations which transmit those observations, and others relating more specifically to ice conditions, to all whom they may concern.

Ice-breakers are posted at those parts of the Northern Sea Route which are known to be difficult for the ordinary ship. To begin with, and as recently as 1937, there were only three of these available, all of them old and of no great size or power. One of these was posted outside Novaya Zemlya, to clear passage through its straits. Another operated in the Kara Sea, occupying itself mainly with the Vikitski Straits, the central northernmost and always the hardest stretch of the route. The third operating from the base of Providence Bay, looked after the Behring Straits and the eastern part of the route as far as the New Siberian Islands. These have now been replaced, however, by new ice-breakers, of Soviet construction, of greater tonnage and horse-power—*Josef Stalin, Kaganovitch, Otto Schmidt* have a tonnage of 11,000 tons and 10,000 horsepower, as compared with the 8,000 tons and 3,000 horse-power of their biggest and most powerful predecessor, *Yermak*, built in Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1899.

Some idea of how traffic along this new and difficult route, for so long regarded as impracticable, has developed under the Soviet regime may be gathered from the fact that, whereas before the Revolution at most 1,000 tons of goods passed yearly along it, by 1937 that figure had already been increased to some 300,000 tons. By the latter date no fewer than 160 ships were plying in Arctic waters, of which 75 were proper cargo-carriers, and 14 ships each year were doing the whole journey between Murmansk and Vladivostok. These figures must certainly have been amplified manifold since Hitler's attack.

THE SUN NEVER SETS ON THE WILLYS JEEP

U. S. MARINES CRASH SOLOMON ISLES

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

On the shores of Guadalcanal and on the beach at Tulagi Bay, fighting U.S. Marines used tough, battling Jeeps to add new drive and mobility to a striking power already famous throughout the world.

There these rugged Willys-built Jeeps played a part in the ensuing process of clearing the jabbering Japs out of the jungles and winning for the United Nations additional strategic bases for further advance in the Pacific.

Three motor manufacturing companies, working in close collaboration with Army Service Forces, originally submitted models of the ¼ ton 4 x 4 reconnaissance truck for test. The Jeep produced by Willys-Overland engineers was selected as a vehicle for the U.S. Army.

Jeeps of this design are now serving *all* the United Nations well, and rendering versatile and valuable service on every front.

Although Willys-Overland's facilities were adequate for much greater ¼ ton 4 x 4 reconnaissance truck production the U.S. Government wished to take the precaution of having a second source of supply for this valued vehicle. Willys-Overland, therefore, gladly shared temporarily the manufacture of this vehicle with another motor manufacturer, turning over to them all its blue-prints as approved by the Government, including the plans and specifications for building the famous Willys "Go-Devil" Engine.

Long previous experience in building light-weight, rugged and economical transportation enabled Willys-Overland to make a major contribution to the development of its Jeep finally approved for the U.S. Army. It is our expectation that thrift-minded motorists will demand, as prime requirements in their post-war car, the qualities of stamina and economy that have reached such a high state of development in the Willys-built Jeep.

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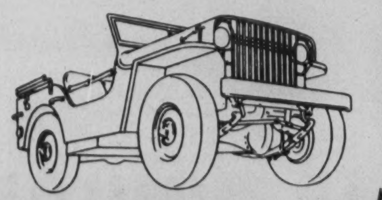
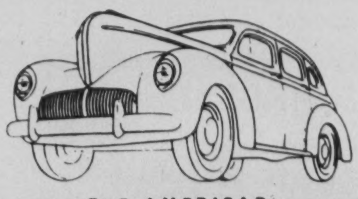


THE JEEP

WILLYS

MOTOR CARS TRUCKS AND JEEPS



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DON'T BLAME THE GENERALS, by Alan Moorehead. Musson. $4.00.

WAR IN THE SUN, by J. L. Hodson. Longmans. $4.00.

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THERE are some new books here, and several that have lain a good many weeks on the shelf, and if they don't get cleaned up before I go on holiday, it doesn't seem likely that they ever will, the way things are warming up.

By way of making things topical I am going to start out with an excerpt from *Inside Italy*, which throws a remarkable and prophetic light on Mussolini, and I think holds hope for the future of the Italian people. This book, written by the London correspondent of Gayda's *Giornale d'Italia*, C. M. Franzero, who quit immediately Italy entered the war, is still the best thing I know on present-day Italy. It was published by Musson, and has the advantage of being cheap ($1.25), which most books today are not. The next best thing on Italy, and much more recent, is the section in John Whitaker's *We Cannot Escape History*, reviewed here several weeks ago.

Franzero, visiting Italy just before Mussolini stabbed France in the back, found the north solidly against war, and quite outspoken about it, in contrast to the supineness in Rome. An editor of the famous old conservative paper of Milan, *Corriere della Sera*, analyzed Mussolini to him this way: "Mussolini will go to war because his whole career and psychology make it inevitable.

"Firstly, Mussolini is, today, a prisoner of political circumstances; the break with Britain and France in 1935 threw him into the arms of Germany, and the embrace of Nazi Germany has kept him prisoner. He can no longer escape subservience to a partner whom he secretly hates, because Mussolini knows that in the Europe of Nazi Germany there will be no room for two dictators.

His Own Prisoner

"In the second place, Mussolini is a prisoner of his own words. You cannot go on preaching for 17 years a gospel of war and hate without finding yourself the prisoner of your own words. But what is more important is that Mussolini is the prisoner of his own psychology. Mussolini has always believed in action. All his career has been built on action. Even admitting that Mussolini was not, by nature, a heroic man, events have always moved ahead of him, and given him the advantages of action.

"Mussolini knows today that he has lost his personal prestige with the Italian people. He also knows that the only way to regain it would be for him to step on the famous balcony and announce to the people: 'There will be no war—we have solved all our problems amicably—go home and live in peace.' But this is just what he will not do. The role of a pacific Augustus does not attract Mussolini any more; and the victories of his European rival make his nights sleepless.

"The call to action is ringing again in his heart and ears; and Mussolini is brooding in his solitude. He also knows that the Fascist regime has been, spiritually, a failure. With his personal prestige on the wane, if Mussolini had to go the whole of the Fascist regime would disappear, and only a few of the pillars of the political structure would survive. None of Mussolini's men could carry on, nor would the Italian people have any desire to see the show carried on forever.

"Mussolini knows that, after 17 years of mental drilling, not even a political conscience has grown within the Italian people; at least, not according to the Fascist conception, because if a political conscience can be recognized in the people, it is the consciousness of their indestructible brotherhood with other peoples, and the sense of the futility and helplessness of the splendid egotism and hypernationalism preached by Fascism.

"Mussolini knows that the world by which he is surrounded is hollow: there is hollowness in his own family, in his political dreams, in the delusion of being the European great man that he no longer is. All this generates in Mussolini a sense of fatigue, out of which his fatalistic instinct drives him to tempt action. Rather than die obscurely in the comfort of a popular affection that may cover a sneer for his weakness, Mussolini will tempt action, and fall in a great battle, and drag his own building over his head.

"After all, the only thing one can admire in Mussolini is a coherence to himself in his career: from Party leader to Dictator, and from Dictator to absolute ruler, a straight line. And Mussolini is today, in his heart, what he was 20 years ago. Do you remember the definition that Anatole France gave of Napoleon? 'A genius with the mentality of his grenadiers.' The same applies to Mussolini: a genius, smaller perhaps, but with the mentality of his own Squadristi.

"Look at him now: who are the men around him in this moment? The young people, the desperadoes, all those irresponsible men who give him the delusion of being the Leader of Youth, a conquering hero with a Messianic mission. You ask, who could stay his hand? Unfortunately, no one. Not even the King, who realizes that he himself is the prisoner of the regime. And so Mussolini will go to war, against the very wish of the people, knowing that it will destroy the last link between him and the people.

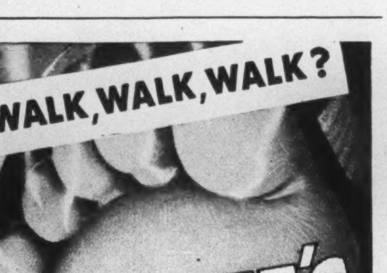
"He has had luck on his side many times. He may still count on luck. Who knows? Or he may go, knowing that he is jumping to his death. And after? The old King may find the strength to act again as a rallying point, and save the country from total disruption. But what of Europe? We have, you and I and all our friends, been born to live in evil times, and the only consolation seems to be that our mind and our knowledge get rich through so many terrible experiences. Let us hope and pray that our Italy and the rest of Europe will be spared the desolation of a German slavery. . . All the rest does not count: and Mussolini and Hitler are only mortal men."

When you see the *Corriere della Sera* quoted in dispatches about Italy, won't it be good to think that this deeply understanding, highly civilized man may still be writing its editorials?

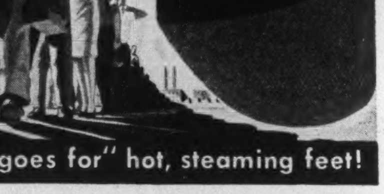
The Unknown Army

I think there is real room for argument as to whether it paid Russia to keep the secret of her strength so well, as better information on it might well have deterred the Germans from attacking. Had the French, now, kept their strength secret, while the Russians advertised theirs, things might have turned out more happily.

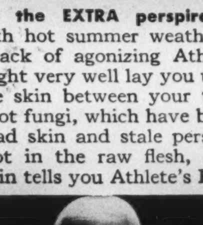
Be that as it may, the Red Army was *The Unknown Army* in 1941, and even after Moscow, even during the winter Battle of Stalingrad last year, and in their offensive against the Kursk salient last month, the Germans were still underrating it. It is fortunate that none of Hitler's entourage will dare show him his fellow-countryman's book, for just



It's the EXTRA perspiration that comes with hot summer weather that invites an attack of agonizing Athlete's Foot which might very well lay you up! When it cracks the skin between your toes, the Athlete's Foot fungi, which have been feeding on the dead skin and stale perspiration products, root in the raw flesh, spread unchecked. Pain tells you Athlete's Foot has struck!



Look for cracks—drench them TONIGHT



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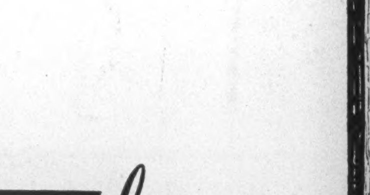

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about one more German underestimation of the Red Army ought to finish the war.

Nikolaus Basseches, as intimated, is an Austrian. His father was Austrian consul in St. Petersburg, before the last war, and he has lived 20 years in Russia. He has done an admirable book, mainly on the development of the Red Army since the Revolution, but reaching far back to show its roots in Russian military history.

Basseches presents a very plausible angle on the purge of Tukhachevsky and the other Red Army leaders, recalled to public interest by the film *Mission to Moscow*. With the peasantry forming the main manpower reservoir of the army, and the villages thrown into a turmoil of discontent by the collectivization drive of 1928-32, the generals saw the fighting qualities of their forces endangered. They were therefore against collectivization.

Many, besides, still resented the deposition of their old leader Trotsky, and favored his program of world revolution, which promised them action. A large number believed in a preventive war against Japan, in order to avoid a two-front war later on. And "like so many others, these generals believed during the first Five Year Plan that Stalin's fall was inevitable." But Stalin came through his critical years, and "when the Five Year Plan and the collectives had long been an established success, when it became clear to everybody that the march of history had put the opposition in the wrong, the regime poised for a crushing blow—it destroyed all oppositions."

John Whitaker is bold enough, in these days when everything that Stalin does is right, to assert that he was wrong in scrapping Tukhachevsky's plan for yielding much of Western Russia to the first German rush, and that by sacrificing his best troops too near the frontier, Stalin lost the opportunity of striking a crushing counter-blow the first winter.

Twelve Months

A new book just in on Russia is *Twelve Months That Changed The World*, the very full diary of Larry Lesueur, Columbia Broadcasting correspondent in Moscow. The period of time specified in the title happens to be that which he spent there; at last reports, after 25 months, the Russians were still changing the world to the detriment of the Germans.

One of the many stories in Lesueur's book tells how the G.P.U., now called the N.K.V.D., or "the four-letter boys," recovered almost the whole of his belongings, and those of two other American correspondents, which had been stolen out of a sealed freight car somewhere between Archangel, Sverdlovsk and Moscow five months before. How had they been found? "It wasn't easy," modestly replied the Gaypayoo; "we checked at every railway station until we found a point where an official remembered the car was sealed, and another point where it was found the seal was broken. Then we checked all the villages in between until someone was reported wearing European clothes, and then we found the three thieves. Of course, they were Germans. . ."

This, in the midst of Russia's greatest crisis. And both Ambassador Davies and I thought the Russians "inefficient"! Why, the British tanks which had been brought with Lesueur's convoy from Glasgow, were unloaded and actually passed his passenger train three days south of Archangel.

Prisoner of the Japs

I picked up Gwen Dew's *Prisoner of the Japs* with special interest because I knew it was about Hong Kong, Canada's small share in the Pacific debacle of December '41. As far as the Canadians are concerned, however, the book is a complete disappointment. The references to them wouldn't fill more than two of her 225 pages. She speaks of them being "ill-equipped and trained"; mentions the gallantry of two whom she met who had held out in the hills alone after being severely wounded; and tells of a big battle near the race course "in which a thousand Canadians and their commander were killed."

This is not to be taken too literally, as Miss Dew saw little of the real fight for Hong Kong, and her description of military events is slight and confused. But then the book doesn't pretend to be more than a description of her own experiences in the hands of the Japs. In the very first hour she had a bayonet edge drawn across her bare throat, and on her way to internment was nearly brained by a stick of wood thrown at her.

Yet she was not housed, as were other civilian prisoners, in dirty Chinese brothels. Nor was she, or any of her party, raped or bayonetted, though she gives the first-hand story of a nurse who was raped for two nights and day, together with all the other nurses in a large military hospital, where the two head doctors and 52 of the several hundred patients were bayonetted.

For her part, she was invited to tea by a Colonel of the Japanese Intelligence, while a Jap newspaperman smuggled canned food to her in his briefcase and a member of the Ministry of Information took her back to her former hotel to get some extra clothing. Two gentle university students were put to guard her for a while, and a graduate of her own University of Michigan sent to see her.

Considering all this she can find no reason why the Japs do one thing or another in different places or situations, though she thinks it depends mainly on the character of the local commander. Except for the few exceptions noted here, the treatment of prisoners was always callous, often utterly brutal, and calculated to parade the fallen White before the native Chinese and the Jap soldiery, for their derision.

Our Japanese Enemy

It seems harsh to call the book of a brave woman who has gone through Miss Dew's experiences (they became worse when she was shifted to an internment camp) pretentious, but it does give that impression. In sharp contrast is the work of a veteran correspondent of the London *Times* and *New York Times*, Hugh Byas, whose dispatches I have read for years, and whose *Government by Assassination* is one of the best things done yet on our Japanese enemy.

There can be few foreigners who know Japan better, as Byas was there from 1914 to 1922, and again from 1926 until April 1941; and his timely exit is in itself proof of his understanding of the situation. It is a big work, covering the whole scope of Japan's development, her wars, her army and her politics, yet easy to read and full of anecdotes and "inside" information.

"The false philosophy of a national mission as lord and master of Asia, if not the world, has been so sedulously inculcated and so eagerly swallowed by the Japanese," he says, "that at last a policy of live and let live, a position of equality, and a willingness to compromise seem intolerable humiliation to them." Yet Byas ascribes most of our trouble with Japan to a "gangster decade," and believes from his long experience that there is another Japan with qualities which will again fit it to be a member of decent society.

More limited in scope is Hillis Lory's *Japan's Military Masters*, which restricts itself to an analysis of the army in Japanese life. I can say without qualification, however, that nothing I have read has explained so well the make-up and working of this redoubtable military force. I recommend it in the strongest terms, and hope at a later date to give it a full review.

New Order in Asia

Also newly received are the analysis of the strength and weakness of *The Japanese New Order in Asia* by the noted British economist, Paul Einzig, of which more later; and the personal account of the Shanghai journalist Carroll Alcott, who, with armed guard and bullet-proof vest, went on broadcasting the truth through the years of Japanese occupation, 1937-41, and appropriately names his book *My War With Japan*.

Allcott, too, knew just when to get out. But his deduction from 15 years in the Far East is that "only the complete destruction of the Japanese Empire will remove its threat to the future structure of world peace. It is a waste of time to think of 'converting' the existing Japanese structure into a peaceful nation." *Carthago Delenda Est*, is his final chapter heading.

In *Behind The Japanese Mask*, Jesse Steiner, who taught English in a Japanese college for some years before the last war and has been back in more recent years, gives much valuable insight into Japanese morals, customs, family life, education and beliefs. The deeply-entrenched Japanese system of licensed prostitution, for example, he shows to be due scarcely at all to the depraved morality of girls entering the profession voluntarily, but to filial piety by which girls sacrifice themselves to relieve their families' desperate and losing struggle against poverty.

Alan Moorehead, one of the many journalists from Down Under who have made good in London, has done a grand book on the final year of the fighting in Egypt and Libya, somewhat inconsequently named *Don't Blame The Generals*. I have read it by the hour, but unfortunately for Moorehead's royalties, it is fast becoming a forgotten story as the war leaves Africa behind.

War In The Sun is another account of the Middle East fighting, up to April 1942, but in diary form. It comes with the highest British recommendation, and seems to cover Auchinleck's offensive very fully and interestingly, but I have not had time to get into it properly yet.

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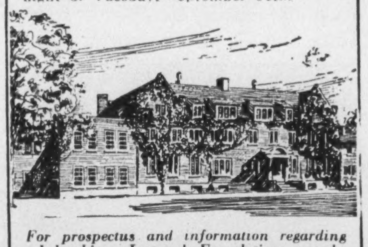

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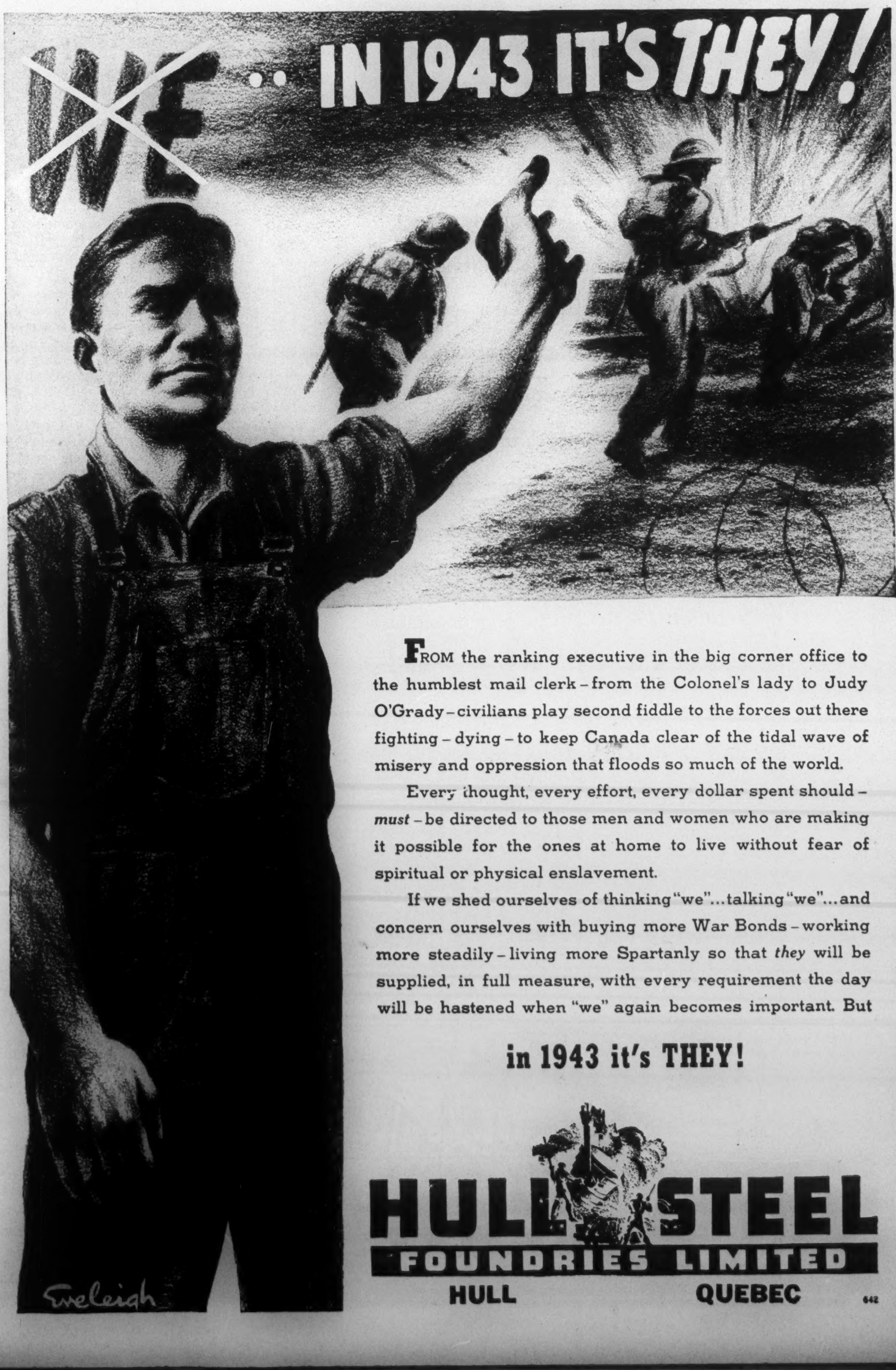

FROM the ranking executive in the big corner office to the humblest mail clerk—from the Colonel's lady to Judy O'Grady—civilians play second fiddle to the forces out there fighting—dying—to keep Canada clear of the tidal wave of misery and oppression that floods so much of the world.

Every thought, every effort, every dollar spent should—*must*—be directed to those men and women who are making it possible for the ones at home to live without fear of spiritual or physical enslavement.

If we shed ourselves of thinking "we"... talking "we"... and concern ourselves with buying more War Bonds—working more steadily—living more Spartanly so that *they* will be supplied, in full measure, with every requirement the day will be hastened when "we" again becomes important. But

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A Red End For Hong Kong

UNDERGROUND FROM HONG KONG by Benjamin A. Proulx. (Smithers & Bonellie, $2.50.)

BENNY, the lively stockbroker, prosperous, happy with his wife and two boys, accustomed to cocktails at five, white tie and tails at seven, had been in Hong Kong for more than twenty years. His hobby was the turf, even to the length of riding as a gentleman-jockey, and every morning he rode at a hand-gallop at the track for exercise.

Like other business men he knew that Hong Kong was "impregnable". Were not heavy guns mounted all over the place? Like other business men he waved away the suggestion that the Japanese were dangerous.

Yet when Great Britain and Germany went to war he, like his office-neighbors, volunteered for the Naval reserve and trained night after night until all these great guns had supplementary crews.

One morning came the news that the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor. He and his friends laughed. Here was just one more of the crazy rumors that filtered out of the radio. A few mornings later, while riding, he saw a formation of bombers come over and drop their terrible cargo. He came raging into the city with the news. A policeman said calmly "Oh, you mean the morning manoeuvres." A naval officer in the hotel lounge smiled in pity at Benny's story, but half-convinced, strolled out to have a look.

The doubters were convinced soon enough. Hong Kong with no fighting air-force was a sitting bird. The thundering bombs ripped the island to tatters; the Japanese landed in overwhelming numbers, walked through the defence-lines, took prisoners, tied their hands behind their backs, bayonetted them and pushed them over a cliff into the sea, walked into a military hospital, bayonetted the sick, raped the nurses and then murdered them.

As for the soldiers, a pitifully small contingent, even though recently strengthened by two Canadian regiments, they scattered to the hills, with the order-of-the-day ringing in their ears, "Give a good account of yourselves against hopeless odds, gentlemen." "Hopeless" was right. Little detachments of our men were smothered by numbers, the living and the half-dead being bayonetted indiscriminately. The Repulse Bay Hotel was defended with tenacious gallantry until defence was no longer possible. Then the fighting-men moved out and the women and children, priests and elderly civilian men surrendered and were marched to a prison-camp.

Meanwhile the Governor of the Colony, Sir Aitcheson Mark Young, crowded to the ropes, surrendered and ordered the fighting to cease. It was Christmas Eve; Benny and his friends were prisoners of war. The weeks of confinement and insufficient food crawled by. The Japanese refused all requests, even the one for drugs and medicine for those seriously ill from dysentery, pointing out that they were not signatories of either the Geneva or the Hague conventions covering the treatment of prisoners of war.

Benny got the wild notion that he would escape, cross the island under the eyes of the omnipresent enemy, steal a boat, row to the mainland past the naval patrols and walk to friendly, unoccupied China. His friends refused to join him and tried to dissuade him. But at last two Dutch submarine sailors stood at his side ready for the desperate enterprise. They left the camp by a big sewer emptying into the sea, walked up it to a smaller sewer, to one still smaller and came out by a fountain in the very middle of a Japanese compound. For seven days without food or wholesome water they wandered, in a resolution beyond praise, and against all probability found a boat and ultimate freedom.

Merely as an adventure-tale the book is powerful. But as a picture of modern war, on the receiving end, it is more powerful still. The author is a French-Canadian by birth.

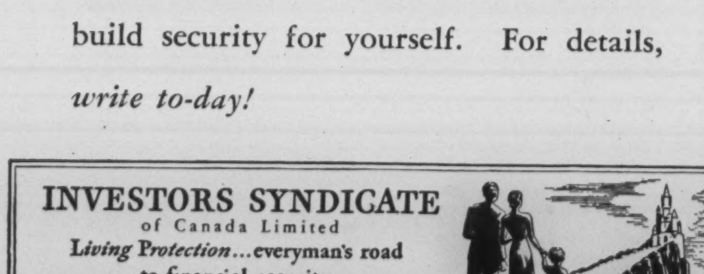
LETTER FROM NEW GUINEA, by Vern Haugland of the Associated Press. (Oxford, $1.75.)

AFTER baling-out from a crippled airplane the author wandered for 42 days in the jungle and came close to death. His diary has been published in the newspapers. This is an elaboration of the grim story.

THE BALLET-LOVER'S POCKET-BOOK by Kay Ambrose, illustrated by the author. (Macmillans, $1.65.)

AS THE audience for ballet grows and grows this little book explaining in full detail the varieties of technique and of expression should have a wide circulation.

● The biggest lesson learned from this war applies also to individuals. Lack of preparedness put the United Nations on the spot. For the same reason many people are on the spot when big opportunities are offered them. If you are going to be prepared for future opportunities, you must plan your strategic campaign now! The time-tested plan of Investors Syndicate of Canada Limited . . . built to your own specifications, is a scientific way to accumulate a sum with which to take advantage of business opportunity . . . to protect your business . . . or to provide a monthly income when you retire from work. Learn how your dollars to-day can do *double duty* . . . work for Victory . . . and at the same time build security for yourself. For details, *write to-day!*



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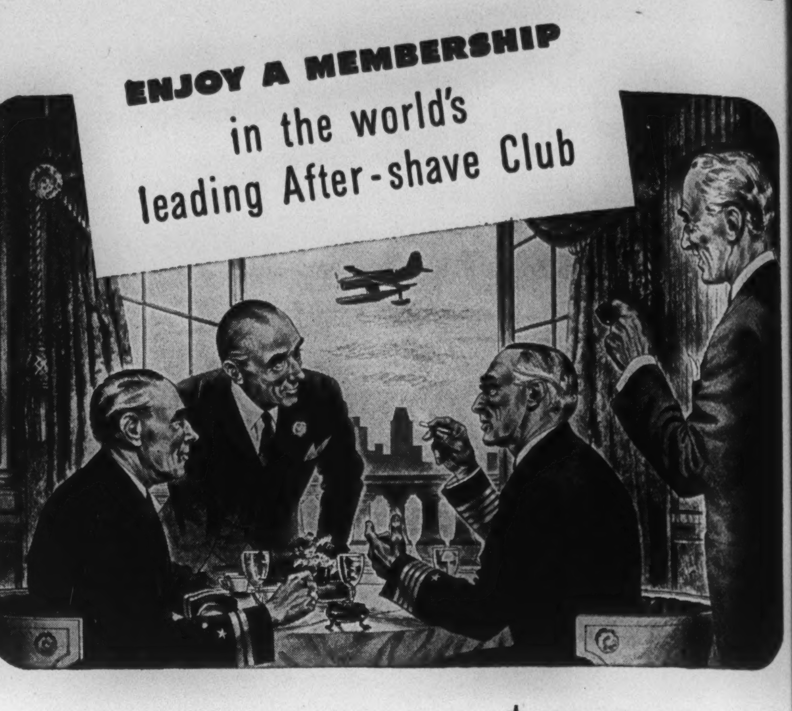

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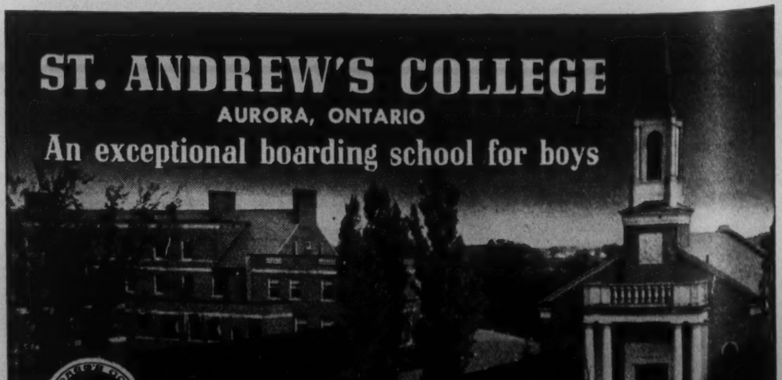

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OLD CHURCH RAT, by John Fox. (Longmans, Green. $1.00).

NORTH WINDOW, by Hortense Flexner. (Longmans, Green. $2.50).

LAMENT FOR THE CHIEFTAINS, by Martha Bacon. (Longmans, Green. $2.25).

ARENAS, by Tom Boggs. (Longmans, Green. $2.00).

JOHN FOX appears to have been an American Presbyterian divine of note. "The Old Church Rat" is a poem of his rescued from his papers after his death. Inspired by an actual encounter with a large and dignified rodent somewhere between the pulpit and the vestry, the minister wrote about 250 lines in eight-syllable couplets. The poem is pleasantly whimsical, but lacks direction. The illustrations — artist unknown — are delightful.

"North Window" is a collection of about eighty short poems, all showing the same clever technique of condensation, generally ending in a sort of "punch" line. Miss Flexner's metaphors are nearly all drawn from the laboratory of the bio-physicist, (although here I may be out on a limb!) I have the impression that she started with the scientific figure, and then tried to see what sort of verse she could write around it. There is little that is concrete and sensuous in her style, much that seems deliberately abstract and cryptic. In spite of affectations, however, many of the poems succeed in conveying an immediacy of intense and painful experience, a tragically flippant encounter with cosmic realities unaccepted. For instance:

Is it not possible that our millions
of years
Are as a bad morning
In the workshop of God?
That day on which the materials
failed Him?
And all of our agony
But His hand drawn painfully across
His brow,
Our blood and sweat of aeons
His question,
"But perhaps this is the wrong
approach?"

"Lament for the Chieftains," by Martha Bacon, contains some of the loveliest short lyrics I have come across for some time. One feels, too, that behind her fair words and melodious cadences there is a clear, critical, detached mind. Her title poem deals with the "victoriazation" of Hawaii. Her satiric couplets are delicious:

His chairs were horsehair, his
carpets turkey,
His sofas plush, and his paintings
murky,
His dancers, never to be outdone,
Trimmed the hula to Mendelssohn.

The poem is not merely flippant, however. The passage dealing with Father Damien is full of sombre power. There are many moving and tender lyrics in the book. "After Dante" is one:

If you and I were doomed to waste
Forever on the sombre breath
That hurls the wanton and unchaste
Over the blind expanse of death,

I think I should not curse the skies
Whose liberal fury brought me low,
But count him gentle and most wise,
That bade me take your hand and go.

As swallows blown before the wind,
As swans hard-pressed against the
tide,
So should we, lost together, find
Comfort and quiet, side by side.

I like too "Not for the Brave," a prayer of pity for the cravens of the world, that reveals a compassionate and understanding heart. Her verse is verbal music. There are traditional echoes, often deliberately used as a theme to embroider upon.

THE BOOKSHELF

Convocation of Poets

BY W. S. MILNE

She is often obscure, yet even in obscurity haunting and appealing. Of all the modern verse I have been reading lately, Miss Bacon's seems the most returnable-to.

"Arenas," by Tom Boggs, did not make nearly so strong an appeal. I miss the sincerity of Miss Bacon's work here. There is too obvious a striving after the striking effect: paradox or heresy or flippant epigram. Much of his verse is cryptic with that sort of obscurity that leads one to suspect it conceals profound lack of clear laborious thinking. Nevertheless, much of his work is powerful and full of deep feeling. For example:

From unfulfilled delight
Springs the sharpest sight,
From the remotely clear
Or momentarily near;
Everything divine,
Divided, incomplete,
A sunset at the end
Of a narrow street,
Harbour lights at sea,
A whitening moon above
The city towers at dusk,
The sudden face of love;
The splendid unawares,
The miracle of dross—
Everything that wears
The great last look of loss.

There is truth here, passionately and beautifully expressed. The four poems in "Children's Corner" appeal to me too; I wish there had been more like them. The book as a whole, however, struck me as the work of a man whose chief creative talent lay elsewhere.

The Beautiful and Stately

YOUNG LADY RANDOLPH, the Life and Times of Jennie Jerome, American Mother of Winston Churchill. By René Kraus. (Longmans, Green, $4.50.)

TWO incredible societies, the newly rich of New York in the 'seventies, and the governing "aristos" of London two decades later, are revealed in this book; the one a coterie of imperturbable gamblers chasing money with a lofty contempt for it; reckless, predatory, generous and vividly alive; the other, a circle of Olympian, detached, self-assured men, imagining themselves democrats yet conservative to their marrow, keenly intelligent, learned, lavish and also vividly alive.

Out of the New York palace of Leonard Jerome marched his lovely daughter Jennie into Blenheim Palace; or if not exactly into it, close by it, for all the Churchills, Duke or younger sons, revolved around Blenheim as planets around the sun. Miss Jerome's was an indirect march, first by way of Paris and the Franco-Prussian war, and thence to Cowes where Lord Randolph Churchill appeared, saw and conquered. This was no marriage of convenience, but a love-match which endured long delays while the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Jerome growled in equal protest and at last accepted the inevitable.

Lady Randolph was a brilliant pianist, a linguist, speaking French and Italian as freely as English, and not uncommunicative in German. She loved horses even as her father, rode with placid recklessness, was always in robust health, but in the drawing room was as graceful and feminine as a lily. No wonder she conquered English society, especially when she was as clever and witty as she was beautiful.

All her beauty and her wit were used to further the political career of her husband, the *enfant terrible* of the House of Commons who at the last came to the second highest rung of the ladder, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and with ill-judged daring cast himself down. He was a dying man, even then, and his lady knew it. How she walked through the next few years at his side until the end came is a record of the highest courage and dignity.

Following years were given to helping her son Winston over stiles until he was ready to go ahead under his own steam and to achieve great things in journalism, literature and politics.

The book is a gracious piece of writing, not unduly adorned. It is well constructed, for the suspense always persists, and it contains some interesting side-lights on the Prussians of 1870, Bismarck particularly. The escape of the Empress Eugénie is excellently done. There is more than a hint that if she had been caught she might have suffered even as Marie Antoinette, and in the same place.

CONVULSIVE SEIZURES and How To Deal With Them, by Tracy Putnam, M.D. (Longmans, Green, $2.50.)

A MANUAL of what is known about this misdirected flow of nerve-energy and of the medical and psychological treatment best adapted to correct it.

LETTER FROM HOME, an anonymous pamphlet, being the letter written from a soldier of 1914 to his soldier son of 1943. (Canadian Forum, Limited, 25c.)

A REVIEW of what Canada has been and what it should become if the danger of constantly recurring wars is to be avoided. Admirable in spirit, if vague in details.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Cook's Tour Of Yorkshire

BY HELEN S. McCUTCHEON

WHEN my husband returned from 'active service afloat' and was given a shore appointment in a Yorkshire coast town, I gave up my job and my 'digs' in London and came to make a home for him in the house which he had miraculously been able to rent, and which was perched on cliffs which reminded us both of Toronto's Scarborough.

My last and almost my first housekeeping had been done more than two years previously in Canada, when the customer was still sometimes right and when, in Canada at least, rationing had not yet reared its ugly head. In London, although I had a gas ring in my room, the bulk of my meals I had taken in restaurants, and so while I could find my way around a ration book with comparative ease, it was a new experience to be shopping for all the meals for two persons.

In London, too, my Canadian accent had seemed to be a definite asset—I was a stranger, to be treated with consideration—but it seems to have no magic for Yorkshire ears.

In London in the winter months an egg had occasionally come my way because of the fact that my caterer was kindly disposed towards Canadians; but it takes, they say, three years for a Yorkshireman to make up his mind about a stranger, so I am at least two and a half years away from being one of those elite—a "regular customer"—even in shops where I have now been dealing exclusively and continuously since last April. It is a disheartening experience to be told by your butcher that he has no liver, the while he is busily engaged in weighing out the same commodity for another customer.

High Status

But with my greengrocer I have achieved the status of "regular customer". After having made all my purchases in this shop for three months, with never a tidbit from under the counter, I was in the shop one day when another woman looked in, apparently for the fifth time that same day to enquire for gooseberries. Again she was turned away with the answer that there were none yet.

When she had left the shopkeeper's wife said to me in a burst of confidence and indignation: "She'll never get anything like that from us; she does most of her shopping in the market to save a penny and only comes here for what she can't get down there. Now you—you don't buy much for your husband and yourself but what you need you get here, and if we have anything special you shall have a share!" "Does that mean I can be a Regular Customer?" I asked, hardly daring to hope. It did, and our new relationship was sealed on the spot with some gooseberries.

Every housekeeper who aspires to something besides Brussels sprouts seven times a week must have a bicycle. There is a sort of thirty-second degree Regular Customer no doubt, for whom shopkeepers deliberately put things aside, but even a greengrocer's darling such as I am must be on the spot when or soon after such things as fruit, tomatoes, etc., arrive in the shop, for a shopkeeper receives these delicacies in very small quantities only. And the same thing applies to shopping for pastry or fish.

Although great convoys stretching for miles move apparently unmolested up and down the coast, and our last air-raid alert was goodness knows when, there is not a great deal of fishing done; but on Thursdays my second or third trip to the fishmonger's is usually rewarded with a lovely piece of cod, mackerel, turbot or plaice.

When your ration of butcher's meat is one shilling's worth per person per week, or enough for one really good meal and enough over to make an excuse for having a curry, almost no trouble is too much for a nice piece of fresh fish. At 8.00 each morning a really delicious pastry called a Sally Lunn is to be had at the baker's, and to me at present that is a better reason for rising early than to hear the lark on the wing or to see the dew on the rose!

Strawberry Ripe

One of my greatest windfalls came about in a most surprising fashion. Occasionally I accompany another Toronto woman, whose doctor husband is in India, on her visits with a Y.M.C.A. Caravan Library to isolated gun posts, search-light batteries, etc. This day we began to notice civilians and Waafs, on bicycles and afoot, carrying baskets of strawberries. Soon we came upon two big fields of strawberries and a roadside stall at which they were being sold, but a sign freshly posted on the stall announced: Sales to Wholesalers Only—No Retail Sales.

A disconsolate queue of people was still formed up, too disheartened to turn away I suppose, but on impulse we pulled up and I approached the stall and said to the man presiding there: "Does that sign mean what it says? May I not buy any berries?" and turned away when he affirmed that sales were now in wholesale quantities only. I was halfway back to the van when the same man overtook me.

"How many berries do you want?" he said.

"Can I really have some?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "you went away nicely and quietly and without arguing, we'll have to let you have some; will two baskets be enough?"

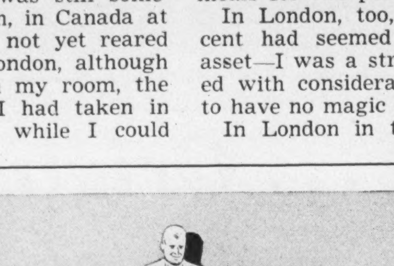
In Yorkshire, apparently, Bible prophecy is being currently fulfilled, and the meek are inheriting the earth!

Quid Pro Quo

Some of these berries I gave to the neighbor cliffward of us. I meant to repay him for carrots he had given us from his own sand boxes, Victory-garden grown last summer, but a while later he again put us hopelessly in his debt by a gift of raspberries from his own canes. Some more of the berries went to the neighbor on our other side, but when my brother-in-law visited us on leave a lovely cake which must have required for its making much egg-powder and other precious ingredients, appeared from the same quarter.

I shall leave Yorkshire eventually, I suppose, hopelessly in debt for many kindly and thoughtful deeds and gifts on the part of my neighbors.

I am still pretty much an amateur as far as housekeeping is concerned, although I am learning in a tough school and profiting accordingly, and I am still close enough to my classes in household science to remember how particularly we were enjoined to 'plan' our meals carefully, and even days ahead. That hollow sound is my laughter. What untried theorists my teachers were! How innocent they were of any knowledge of housekeeping in a rationing-ridden world! Planning meals, indeed! But I must drop this—it is 11.45 and I must be off on my bike to see if we are to have liver or fish for lunch.



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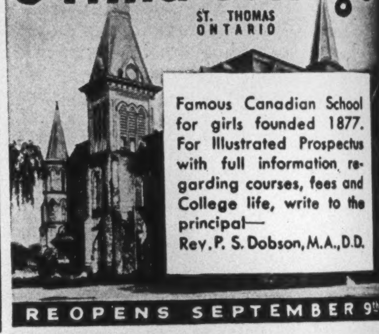

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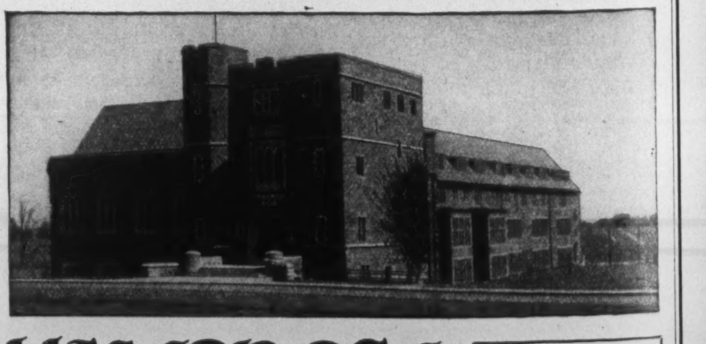

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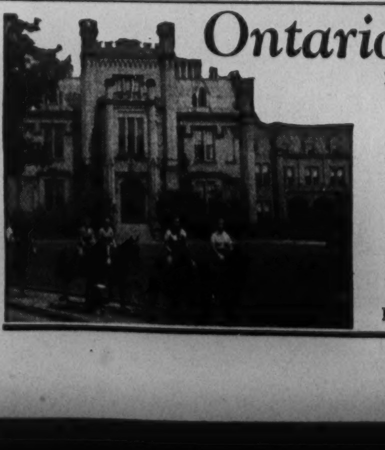

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WORLD OF WOMEN

An Inkie And A Camp

BY RICA McLEAN FARQUHARSON

OUR son has been to camp. We have all come through our first season. It's been a breathless experience for him. It has left us gasping too. Never before had our son and I exchanged letters. Like other sons, he wrote to us because camp masters shrewdly set aside at least one period a week when every little "inkie" writes to mother or dad.

In case you don't know an "Inkie" is a camper in the "incubator" stage —so young he just gets under the wire and into a boys' camp. Our son says sometimes heads are under the impression "Inkies" aren't part of the main body at all—that they form an entirely foreign group with uncamplike rules such as "tuck" only once a week—and no pop even then.

Having great respect for the written word even when someone else writes it we instructed our son to tell us something vital when he sent us a post card. We adopted a scornful attitude towards the "having a lovely time; wish you were here" school of correspondence. It needn't be much but let it be something you've seen, we said. So our first piece of startling information was:

"It has been raining all day so we can't do much. When we got off the train we got on the back of a truck. I saw a dead ground hog. Love."

Daddy and I cherished this super-news-feature for nearly a week. No sequel seemed to be burning up the mails so we asked the mother of the "Inkie" who shared our son's cubicle what she heard. She lovingly unfolded her letter:

"I am hungry. Please send me some candy. Is daddy a field marshall yet?"

A day or two later son wrote again. The spelling couldn't be ignored. It struck an alarming stride of seven errors in nine words. We fondly persisted in getting a clue and discovered our son who could only dog paddle last year was passing twenty-five, even fifty yard swimming tests.

Letters continued to arrive on our street. Once we got an envelope without a letter but we've since learned that a note was certainly worked over for it. Maybe some other mother treasures it! We looked hopefully to see if we were missed. We heard that children often had bouts of homesickness and while we wanted to be remembered we didn't want acute suffering. Apparently, our son had everything under control. We returned to the job he had left us in parting. "Be sure to save milk bottle tops for me, won't you Mom?"

Desperately we drank a couple of quarts of milk we would have looked better without and spent a melancholy half-hour counting our collection in the kitchen drawer under the cook book.

Executive Type

Our neighbor telephoned. Her son had started a letter but seemed to have discovered better things to do when he had it half written because it stopped half-way down the page. There was no signature but the imprint of John was unmistakable.

We reported our son was now doing a hundred-yard swimming test and, if he made it, would try a boat test so probably John was doing the same.

Next day, another letter arrived. The signature was John's but the first part of the letter was written in a different hand. John wrote an explanatory note at the end:

"I got a dizzy twirp to write this for me."

When a few "camp mothers" got together the conversation turned to spelling. No one craved to bring it up but, by this time, it had come to be something one couldn't escape with mail miraculously getting to its destination in spite of boys who didn't seem to have the foggiest idea on what street they lived. We decided it was the educational system. Good for reading. Bad for spelling. Our children couldn't all be poor spellers—or could they?

To bring son home we visited the camp. He was out in a boat within the guarded area but appeared speedily on the dock. He seemed really huge. His hair was bleached almost platinum and his skin was almost walnut. He wore very little but a broad grin. He'd learned to swim. He had learned to paddle. He could sing songs his daddy didn't know. He knew some good jokes. Most of the fellows were swell; two or three were drips. Now he'd take us to the handicraft tent. He had to collect the things he had been making.

Accomplishments

Frankly, we hadn't thought handicraft our son's strongest leaning but he had achieved a belt for his mother; key case for grandfather; pictures for the wall; an ash tray stand, red wooden buttons for a new dress after the war and other things better than the average souvenir shop can produce quickly.

Then we went to the museum—a delightful place in a miniature way. He got his collection of stones, labeled and mounted in a large box; his bottles of sand with their exciting colors; my tiny balsam pillow. He could pick up a stone; neatly split it and give us a learned discourse on its component parts. He had found out thrilling things about butterflies, birds' nests, trees and moss. He had, for once, picked all the wild raspberries he could eat. He couldn't wait to get back next year — and when we were a few miles from camp he announced handsomely:

"Gee, it's super to be back with you and dad again!"

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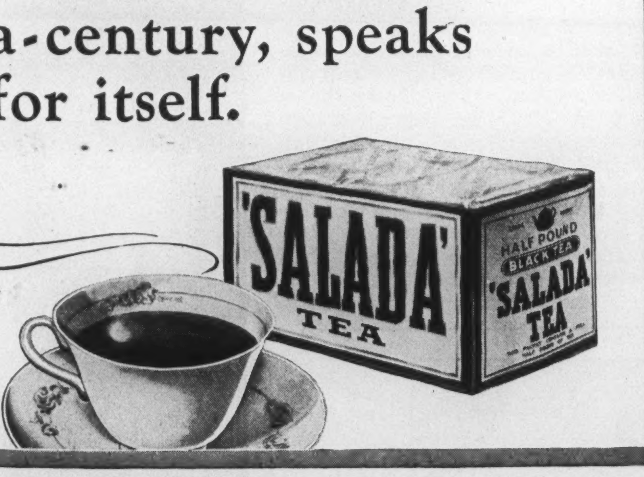

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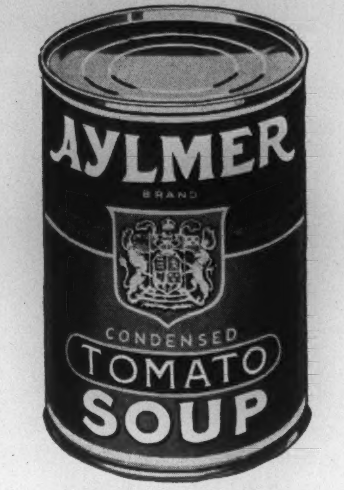

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Healey Willan Our Foremost Composer

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IN A program of exceptional musical interest at the Promenade Symphony concert in Varsity Arena last week, there was nothing more important, in a popular and artistic sense, than "Marche Solenelle" by Dr. Healey Willan. This is saying much because Beethoven, Bizet, Rachmaninoff and one or two other immortals were included in the list of composers. Hearing the work again after a lapse of four or five years it filled one with satisfaction to realize that here was a work by a musician resident in Toronto for thirty years, which could measure up well with anything of its kind that has been written. Certainly there is no contemporary composer on either side of the Atlantic who can produce anything in the way of a ceremonial composition to surpass it. (See portrait on Page 2.)

What was equally gratifying was the manner in which it was received by a multitude of ardent but unsophisticated listeners. After composer and conductor had retired, following a great ovation these listeners insisted on bringing them back to receive another tribute. This is a matter of frequent occurrence with popular vocalists and instrumentalists; but here was a case where the audience was applauding the music itself; music of a serious, sophisticated order, which had gripped their minds as well as their emotions.

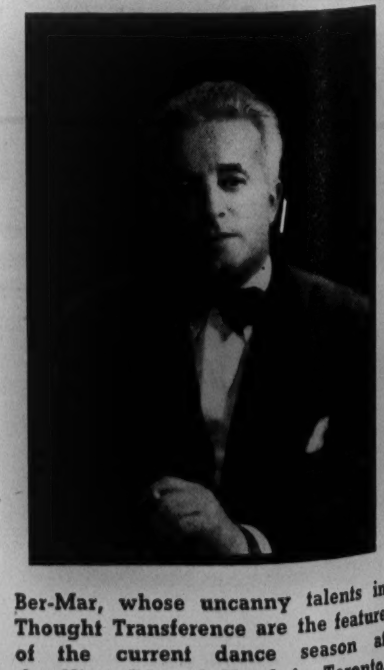
The inspiration of "Marche Solenelle" was the Coronation of King George VI in 1937, and it is a companion work to Dr. Willan's superb Coronation "Te Deum" composed at the same time. He was aiming not so much at expression of patriotism and loyalty, as at a presentation in manifold tonal detail of all that Westminster Abbey and the thousand year old ceremony signified in a spiritual sense. It is grandiose in the most refined sense of that word. Listening to it I could not help thinking how common the ceremonial marches of Mayerbeer, once so popular, sound in comparison. Not the least of its merits is that melodically it is unmistakeably English, but contemporary Russians have nothing on Dr. Willan in richness of scoring.

The interpretation was a demonstration of the abilities of the French Canadian conductor, Jean Beaudet, whom I first knew years ago as an organist in Quebec. He was one of the earliest appointees of the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission, and in ten years has attained steadily increasing prestige in that field. Mr. Beaudet is a born conductor; authoritative, expressive, and efficient, with distinguished musical intuitions and cultural backgrounds. His qualities were revealed not only in Dr. Willan's masterpiece but in other important works. I had never previously heard the Prelude to Act III of Verdi's "Traviata" on an orchestral program; and was to discover through Mr. Beaudet's delicate and tasteful rendering what a charmingly pensive concert-piece it really is. "Traviata" (composed in 1853) was in truth more refined than any score Verdi had composed up to that time. It has been called a "chamber opera",—in contrast with the robust melodrama of "Il Trovatore", for instance. This little Prelude so gentle in pathos has "chamber" characteristics.

What was intended to be the most important item on the program, Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini" for piano and orchestra failed of its full effectiveness for reasons which could be ascribed only to the standing enemy of all summer musical effort, humidity. It sadly restricted the tone and style of the young Winnipeg pianist, Ross Pratt,—under ordinary circumstances a technician of remarkable facility and resource. He had to labor with his instrument as though with a refractory horse, and the handicap had a deadening effect on his tone. The Rhapsody is a latter-day work of the late Russian genius, who at the time of its completion in 1934 had been composing brilliantly for 42 years. Strangely enough, for a piano virtuoso, he made the orchestral part more vital and colorful than the piano part. The orchestra which had been excellent in tone and expression throughout the evening gave a fine account of itself, and Mr. Beaudet rendered the pianist all the help he could. In his earlier group of piano solos Mr. Pratt suffered from the same inability to woo an adequate tone from dampened hammers; but in the Chopin Etude, op. 25, No. 7 revealed the poetry of his touch. Fortunately it was not his debut in Toronto; he had already established his virtuosic status with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra last season.

Carroll Glenn, eminent violinist who will be guest-artist at the Promenade Symphony Concert, Varsity Arena, Toronto, Aug. 26. V. Kolar conducting.

Ethel Barrymore Colt, latest of the "Royal Family" of the Stage, who will be at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, in Toronto, for the week beginning Aug. 23 in the comedy "To-night or Never."



Ber-Mar, whose uncanny talents in Thought Transference are the feature of the current dance season at the King Edward Hotel in Toronto.

Moonyeen Still Smilin' Through

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

NOT having seen "Smilin' Through" since its trial-on-the-dog days before the original (1919) New York production, I was a trifle surprised on Monday night to find how well it wears. It is entirely a matter of artful contrivances, with a whole stage-full of standard romantic characters doing the standard things; but the contrivances are very dexterous indeed. Jane Cowl had a hand in the writing of it, and it is an actor's (or rather an actress's) play in the fullest sense of the word, just crammed with the fattest kind of opportunities for emoting. But there is a certain eloquent sincerity about its main love-story, which is very effectively rendered by Erin O'Brien-Moore and Mr. Grogan—the latter at his best so far in a long season, having at last got a fine "straight" lover part that is right up his alley,—and which overcomes all my prejudices.

The piece contains practically everything that this reviewer most dislikes on the stage, beginning with a heroine named *Moonyeen* (I don't care if it is a common name in Ireland, it just isn't human), and going on through a stage wedding complete with comic best man (slightly interrupted by a murder, I admit), a series of dream apparitions, two Old Chums who play dominos and quarrel, and a lot of very Sir Oliver Lodge stuff about the nature of the future life. But all these things are just the machinery for making the course of true love run rough for two-and-a-half acts; it is the true love that matters, and that, as Miss O'Brien-Moore does it, is very true and sweet indeed. I must add that it is as the human girl *Kathleen* in Acts I and III that she does her best work; her *Moonyeen* is considerably less ethereal than that of Jane Cowl, whose mastery of technical effects gave that part an uncanny quality. The result is a great shifting of values in the direction of the contemporary love story, which to my taste did the piece no harm.

The printed program contained some glad news to the effect that Robert Henderson, the incomparable director of all this summer's productions, will be here in the same capacity next summer. With that and a defeated Hitler, 1944 should be a good year. Mr. Henderson got a very smooth performance of "Smilin' Through", and credits are due to Richard Temple as the irascible uncle, Rupert MacLeod and Stanley Bell.

Next week we go musical, with the Viennese comedy "Tonight or Never" and Ethel Barrymore Colt.

THE LONDON LETTER

"London Transport" and Lord Ashfield

BY P. O'D.

TEN years ago was born the first "public authority." Suddenly the red 'buses of London came out with a new legend on them—not the familiar "London General Omnibus Company," but "London Passenger Transport Board." Londoners have since shortened it to "London Transport." It included the Underground as well as the 'buses, and it has become the greatest urban transport system in the world, covering an area of nearly 2,000 square miles, and carrying an average of almost 10,000,000 passengers a day.

I don't know if this type of "public authority" is an English invention, but I have an idea that it is. It is constituted by Parliament, and is in the last resort answerable to Parliament, but it is independently managed. It is not run for profit, but it is obliged to pay to its stockholders the statutory interest on their shares—in the case of London Transport 4.7 per cent a year on what are called the "senior" shares. At the same time, the shareholders have no voice whatever in the management. Even in the case of default on the part of the Board, all they can do is to ask the High Court to appoint a Receiver.

This is a characteristically English compromise, an attempt to get the advantages both of private operation and public control. Whatever economists may think of the arrangement—to many of them it may seem as comic as a pantomime horse—the great thing is that it works. London Transport has been an immense success, so successful in fact that several other "public authorities" have been and are being formed on the same model.

Before the advent of London Transport the various rail and road services of London were under the control of a number of separate companies. They had by amalgamation and agreement reached a fairly high degree of coordination, but there was still a lot to be done. And the only way it could be done was by establishing a unified control. Hence the L.P.T.B.

In the ten years of its existence the Board has done wonders for the improvement of public transport in and around London. It would have done much more, if it had not been for the intrusion of war. When the war is over London Transport will, no doubt, go on with the good work—probably on even better and broader lines. The plans are already there.

Able Lord Ashfield

Lord Ashfield and the members of his Board are not the sort of men to stop short of the best attainable. And there is always a further best still to be achieved—which is either discouraging or inspiring, according to the way you look at it. Lord Ashfield is the sort of man who is apt to regard it as an inspiration.

Perhaps I should say something about this Anglo-American, who has ever since 1907 been the head of the London Underground, and for the ten years of its existence been Chairman of London Transport. I call him an Anglo-American, though he is entirely of English stock. But his father, a Derbyshire workingman, emigrated to Detroit, when Albert Stanley was a boy.

Young Albert was the sort of boy that gets on in the world, and by the time he was 30, he was manager of the Detroit Traction Company. He had also at one period been associated with Charles Yerkes of Chicago—the traction magnate whom Theodore Dreiser took as the central figure of his novels "The Financier" and "The Titan."

It was Yerkes who built the London Underground, or the larger part of it, and that is probably one reason why Albert Stanley was offered the management of it in 1907. The other and better reason is that even then he was recognized as one of the ablest men in his own line in the world. Today I would be inclined to take out the qualifying phrase "one of." If there is a better man anywhere in the passenger-transport business, it would be very interesting to know who he is. And nobody in London would believe it.

A Famous Bookshop

In Oxford in "The Broad," just about opposite the semicircle of broken-nosed philosophers outside the Sheldonian—so far as I can trust a mere tourist's memory—there is a famous bookshop, "Blackwell's." Oxford men have carried its name around the world, for they have all bought books there. They have also nearly all sold books there, when the time came to cast aside those tools of the higher learning. Many of the books on its shelves bear signatures going back through a dozen or more generations of Oxford students.

It isn't only students who buy books at Blackwell's. Nearly every visitor of a bookish turn drops in sooner or later; and to drop in is to buy. It is an irresistible place—the sort of bookshop where almost every kind of book you can think of lies comfortably to hand, and you can nibble and wander at will. Before you know where you are, you find yourself staggering out with some ponderous classical tome that you mean honestly to tackle at once, and probably never look into again. None the less, it gives a grandly learned air to your book-case.

Nearly every name famous in Oxford in the last sixty years or so is to be found on the ledgers of Blackwell's. Pater and Jowett, Lewis Carroll, Stubbs, the historian, these and many other Olympians were a familiar sight there browsing among the laden shelves—or tippling at the bar of learning, if you prefer. It was Stubbs who christened Blackwell's "the literary man's public house." That's the sort of bookshop it is.

One is reminded of all this by the announcement that Mr. Hanks of Blackwell's has celebrated his 60th anniversary with the firm. He joined it as a boy of 15, and he is now 75, but still actively engaged, still the guide, philosopher, and friend of the purchaser of books. How many thousands he must have sold! And he hopes to go on selling them until the war is over—"before I am finally deracinated," as he told a recent interviewer.

Mr. Hanks is no ordinary bookseller—as that "deracinated" perhaps makes clear. Ten years ago, when he celebrated his golden jubilee at Blackwell's, 20 of the senior dons, headed by the President of St. John's, entertained him at lunch, and presented him with a second-folio Shakespeare and a set of golf-clubs—odd as the combination may seem.

Better still, the University conferred on him the degree of M.A.—the very first time in all its history that a tradesman was so honored. And what a very nice thing to do!

Peas and Love

England is a country where nothing is ever forgotten—as I have more than once suggested in these letters. Nearly everything that can be turned into an anniversary, is turned into one—especially the eating-and-drinking kind of anniversary. And the anniversaries go on forever. Take, for instance, the lunch of the Skinners and the Merchant Taylors in London the other day.

These two famous London Companies—the Merchant Taylors go back to the 13th century and the Skinners to the Black prince—once had a bit of a quarrel about precedence. So the Lord Mayor of the time ordered that they should make it up, and by way of cementing the bond of friendship should entertain one another annually "for the nourishing of peas and love"—yes, "peas"! Sir Robert Billesdon was obviously a man of decision and discernment, but rather an impressionist in his spelling.

That was in 1483—just 460 years ago! And they have been doing it ever since! Last week the ceremony took place in the gorgeous banqueting hall of the Merchant Taylors. Next time it will be in the equally gorgeous hall of the Skinners—even more gorgeous perhaps, if the famous series of Brangwyn murals are in place. They have been long since removed for safe keeping. And 400 years from now members will probably still be guzzling and bowing and toasting one another. What a country, my dears!

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CONCERNING FOOD

Chowder --- Substitute de Luxe

BY MARGARET McKENNEY

ANY man who has had the privilege of being brought up by or with a creative cook—his mother or a tried and true family retainer—will dive into a chowder and ask for more. Even a man who says loftily, "no leftovers for me." It's a good thing, too, for now when you invite masculine guests to dinner you have to use imagination instead of a thick, juicy steak. Give him a "creative" chowder with imagination, chockful of minerals and vitamins, a whole meal in itself, and you won't wreck your ration book or exceed your budget.

Muchas Gracias

- 2 medium onions, sliced fine
- 6 stalks celery, cut in 1-inch pieces
- 1 small chili pepper, crushed
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 cups water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ½ pound small mushrooms, sliced
- ½ pound green peas, shelled
- 1 tablespoon butter or oil
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup cooked, flaked fish
- 1 cup light cream or 1 cup evaporated milk

Combine onions, celery, chili pepper, green pepper, 1 cup water, ½ teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper. Bring to a boil in a covered saucepan and simmer 10 minutes. Add mushrooms and cook 10 minutes longer or until vegetables are tender. Cook peas in a covered pan with remaining water, salt and pepper until tender. Add to first mixture. Combine butter and flour, thin with a little of the hot liquid. Then add to the vegetable mixture and cook until thickened. Add fish and cream or milk and heat thoroughly; do not boil. Serve in soup bowls. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

For a Sunday night supper, serve this chowder with a cress and romaine salad with a French dressing. For dessert, pass hot biscuits and strawberry jam, and black coffee.

If and when you can get a chicken, serve the following thick stew-like chowder, with a chopped nut and vegetable salad on watercress with thin mayonnaise or French dressing, apple pie and coffee.

Intelligent Chicken

- 2 medium-sized onions, chopped fine
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 tablespoons oil or drippings
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1 small chili pepper or to taste
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups canned corn
- 1 cup cooked, diced chicken

Sauté onions and green pepper in oil until tender but not browned. Add tomatoes, chili pepper broken into small pieces, salt and black pepper and simmer, covered, until the mixture thickens, about 15 minutes. Add corn and chicken, heat and serve in shallow soup plates or regular serving plates. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

Conversation Piece

- 1 package dehydrated chicken-and-noodle soup
- ¼ package spaghetti
- 1 medium onion, chopped
- ½ green pepper, chopped
- 1 small chili pepper, crumbled
- 2 tablespoons oil or drippings
- 1 cup flaked, cooked fish, veal or chicken
- ½ teaspoon salt, or to taste
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- 3 drops Worcestershire sauce
- 1 cup evaporated milk or light cream

Cook soup according to directions on package. Put spaghetti in boiling salted water and cook 20 minutes or until tender. Sauté onion, green pepper and chili pepper in oil until tender but not browned. Add to soup with the flaked fish or meat. Add seasonings, spaghetti and milk. Heat slowly until steaming hot. Yield: 4 servings.

Another hearty, heart-warming main course for masculine appetites is the "Golden Pig" given herewith. Serve it with corn bread, stuffed egg and endive or chicory salad, apricot upside-down cake—and coffee if you have it.

Golden Pig

- 1 cup dried, yellow split peas
- 1 ham bone
- 1 quart ham stock
- 1 small chili pepper, crumbled
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 6 medium carrots, sliced thin
- ½ package fine egg noodles
- ½ cup cubed, cooked ham, browned

Soak peas overnight in water to cover. Drain and combine with ham bone and ham stock, cover and simmer with the chili pepper and salt and pepper until mushy. Remove bone and strain through sieve. Cook carrots, covered in ½ cup water until tender. Cook noodles in boiling water according to directions on package. Drain and add to peas with the carrots and browned ham. Heat and serve. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

For a filling informal dinner serve this "Staunch Companion". Accompany with popovers, a chicory, lettuce and avocado pear salad with sharp French dressing, stuffed dates and coffee.

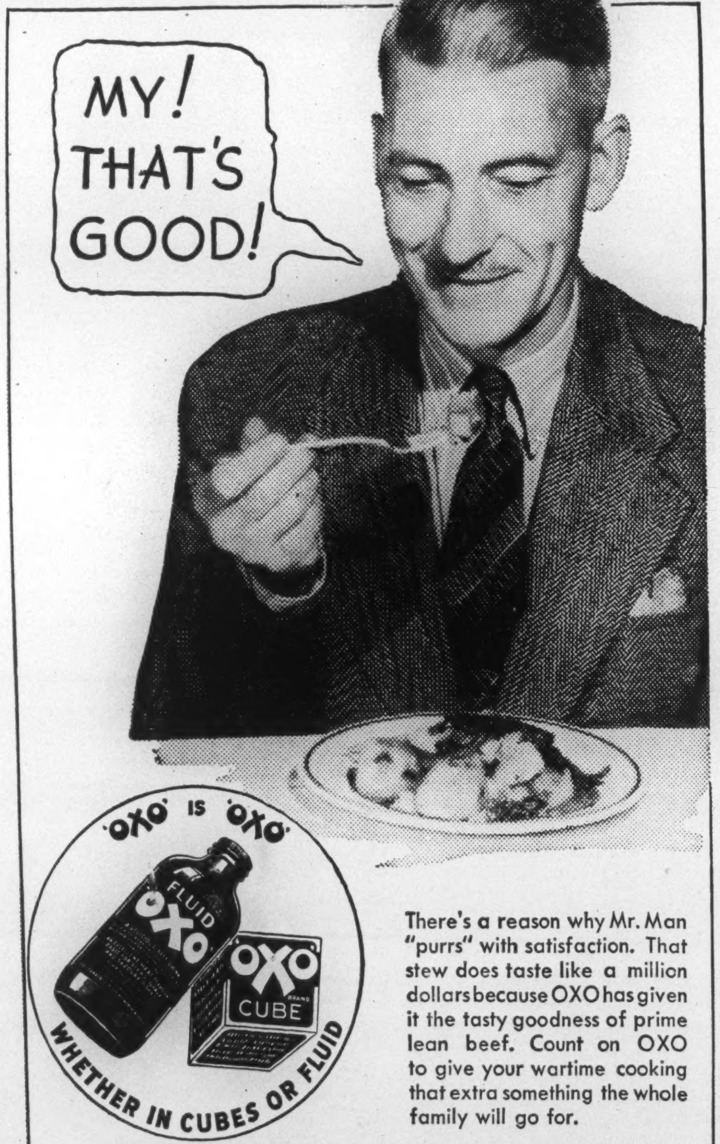
The Staunch Companion

- 1 cup dried green split peas
- 4 cups water
- 8 stalks celery, diced
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and diced
- 1 chili pepper, crumbled
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- 1 cup diced, cold boiled tongue

Soak peas overnight in 3 cups water, cover and simmer for about 1 hour or until tender but not mashed. Cook celery, potatoes, chili pepper and seasonings in remaining 1 cup water 20 minutes or until tender. Add to peas with water in which they were cooked. Add tongue, reheat and serve hot in chowder bowls with croutons made of whole wheat bread. Approximate yield: 4 servings.

BOOK SERVICE

All books mentioned in this issue, if not available at your bookseller's, may be purchased through Saturday Night's Book Service. Address "Saturday Night Book Service", 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto, enclosing postal or money order to the amount of the price of the required book or books.



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CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE

WHO'D be a statistician in wartime, but then who would be a housewife, or a soldier in the desert or a sailor on a submarine by first choice? The statisticians are the boys who give us the figures on our nation's economy which encourage us to go on in the way we are going or to give up, say, hooks and eyes and tie our clothes on with tapes to save metal. You know the line—"Why bother if your skirt sags? Remember its hooks are in the front line today. Possibly 5342.365 sagging skirts will equal 29 shell cases. Win the war first, then fix your skirt."

It's all quite true, no doubt, but some bright woman will say, "I'll wear the decimal point bit of a skirt and then maybe they can spare me just one small hook to keep it up." At this point the statistician is found wandering desperately in the Victory Garden murmuring about women's minds and how he wishes he was in a tank in Sicily.

Another Language

There's an old saying that figures talk, and they do but it's a different language for each person. One of the most discussed figures, and I don't mean Mae West's, is the cost of living index. People talk about its fluctuations as if it was their own temperature in an attack of flu, but I don't believe very many understand how its mystic numbers are arrived at. It is assumed that the usual way to expend a dollar in a family is 31 cents on food, 6 on light and fuel, 19 on rent, 12 on clothing, 9 on home furnishings and services, and 23 on this and that.

Well, the price of food is up about 31% since the war but the other items mentioned above are not up very much, and to arrive at the index food is just one of these several things, and is reckoned at a little less than one third of the average family's expenditures. Therefore the index stands around 118 while housewives who buy food more constantly than anything else see the numbers on the price tags climbing and think the index should climb, too, in proportion.

CONCERNING FOOD

Warm Weather, Cold Soup

BY JANET MARCH

The only way to keep down your food costs is to buy and eat more economical foods than you did before the war. Of course it is easy to write this nice neat little piece of advice on paper and extremely difficult to follow it. A family with a liking for a lot of fresh vegetables, good juicy steaks and creamy desserts is not going to take kindly to home baked beans, macaroni, hash and rice pudding, but if you cook these cheaper things superlatively you'll be surprised at how popular they are, and that horrid 31% rise in food prices will reduce itself like ice cream in the sun.

One of the things we just can't spend money on at present is tomato juice—that standby of the summer larder. If your household is one which likes to start meals with tomato juice in the summer and hot soup in the winter you'll have to think up something new to please them. Cold soup is the obvious solution and there are a lot more of these than many people think, indeed a lot of persons imagine that jellied consomme is the one and only. It is the best, but it comes high if your family is large and you use it every day.

Of course it can't be beaten with a slice of lemon in it and a sprinkle of chopped parsley on the top. Vichyssoise, or as some French restaurants in New York prefer De Gaulle Soise, is a good summer soup. It's really a very smooth potato soup with a fancy name. Remember that it should be iced before serving, that it is either poured into the freezing tray for a few minutes or else stood in a bowl of ice. The usual temperature of a refrigerator doesn't seem cool enough.

Vichyssoise

4 medium potatoes
5 leeks or 3 medium onions
2 cups of chicken stock
3 cups of milk
2 teaspoons of salt
¼ teaspoon of black pepper
Paprika
Chopped parsley

Cut up the leeks or onions into small pieces. Dice the potatoes and cook in a small amount of water till very soft, then drain and rub through a fine sieve into the top of the double boiler. Add the chicken stock, the milk and salt and pepper and mix very well. Heat till it is all well blended and then chill and serve very cold with chopped parsley on the top.

Green Bean Soup

1 pound of green beans
1½ cups of milk
½ cup of cream
1 egg yolk
1 tablespoon of flour in
2 tablespoons of water
3 cups of water
1 bay leaf
2 teaspoons of salt
Black pepper
1 teaspoon of lemon juice

Cut the beans fine and cook them in the three cups of water with the bay leaf for about half an hour. Then drain and stir into the water in which the beans cooked, the flour, mixed smooth in the two tablespoons of water. Add the other teaspoonfuls of salt and the pepper and bring to the boil. Then add the cup and a half of milk, half the cream and the beans and bring to the boil again. Mix the egg yolk with a little of the soup, then add it and cook for a few minutes slowly and then put to cool. When cold mix in the rest of the cream whipped, if it will whip, and chill for some hours. Just before serving add the lemon juice.

Iced Tomato Soup

5 or 6 large tomatoes
1 onion
1 teaspoon of salt
¼ teaspoon of black pepper

Peel the tomatoes and put them through the mincer with the onion. Then put the mixture in the freezing tray till very cold but not so cold that it has icicles all through it. Serve in bouillon cups with a spoonful of this sauce on top of each serving.

Mayonnaise Sauce

4 tablespoons of mayonnaise
1 tablespoon of minced parsley
1 teaspoon of curry powder

Mix these ingredients well together and keep cold till time to use.

Grapefruit, beige and black. Julie Bishop, a Warner Bros. star, wears a topcoat in grapefruit yellow with wide leopard revers. The beige street dress has black circular insert Coat and suit are by Saks Fifth Ave.

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EGG SALAD SANDWICH

4 hard-cooked eggs
½ cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons Salad Dressing
1 tablespoon French Dressing
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ tablespoon Libby's Prepared Mustard
Salt, Pepper
Bread or Toast

Coarsely chop the eggs and add remaining ingredients, with salt and pepper to taste. Spread between slices of white or wholewheat bread or toast.

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TIP FOR TEA-STRETCHERS

1 level teaspoon per person is plenty if you steep sufficiently (3 to 5 minutes.) But to be sure of a completely satisfying cup . . . richer in fragrance and flavor . . . always use the choice YOUNG leaves. To get them, ask . . . *by name* . . . for Tender Leaf Tea.

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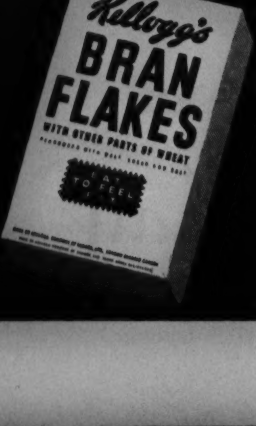

If YOU want to keep fit for extra things, take these steps to health—1. To *get* well, see your doctor; 2. To *keep* well, watch your habits. Guard against incomplete elimination. Eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes *every* day. Ask for the golden-yellow package—either the regular or the *new* Family package. Begin tomorrow. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

DRESSING TABLE

A Matter of Minutes

BY ISABEL MORGAN

IT'S hard striking that appealing feminine note these days what with short hair, overalls or uniforms, instead of the pretty-pretties that were the old props for glamor.

It is possible, though, if you use good sense in choosing beauty preparations that are reliable and time-saving. It's comparatively easy, of course, to clean up your face and do it over for a hurried date. Even your hands, protected during the day with one of the better "grease gloves", are not too difficult to polish up for the evening. The troublesome item in your grooming is almost sure to be your hair.

Chances are you take very good care of it during the day, keeping it covered if you're working in any shop or room where the air is heavy with dust or chemical odors. The real fun starts when you snatch off that covering to give yourself the quick going over which is all any of us will have time for until the Axis' scalp hangs from the Allied belt. Viewing yourself you find that the pressure of your cap has ironed curls into ugly ends. As if that were not enough, your hair will seem to have lost some of its glossiness and—since you're a hard worker—perhaps there'll be the very faintest odor of perspiration accumulated under the cap or kerchief covering.

If you're really in a hurry, and if you're wise enough to have looked over the field of hair preparations, you'll find two things to do. First, brush your hair thoroughly and smooth a bit of creme-set made by seven sisters who are famous as scalp specialists, over the hair ends. With its aid those wispy, lank strands that mark the worn out permanent magically turn into proper curls—and what's more once you wind them around your finger they'll stay put. Of course, if your hair is naturally wavy or curly and you've simply pressed it too flat, the creme set will put your cap of shining curls in order in no time at all. You're really ready for the party now, but a smart gal will take time for the second step—an addition to your grooming which will lend you that extra and irresistibly feminine air. Pat on your hair a sheen of the sisters' Swing Hair Fragrance. This is the most delicate sort of hair perfume—there's not a hint of the barber shop about it. Away goes any odor other than a delightful scent.

Eyes Right

If your eyes feel dust-blown don't always blame it on the wind. Think how much more you are using them . . . the extra-curricular volunteer job . . . the new work you are doing . . . the precision and detail and no time for mistakes. The wise lass will get her doctor's check-up and fortify herself with a good eye-wash.

A few drops of eye lotion is an economical way of putting diamonds in sleepy morning eyes . . . it's wonderfully restful to place crescent shaped pads dipped in lotion over tired eyes . . . and never use your eyecup from one eye to the other without washing it out in between.

Compact Notes

A box of powder will last much longer if you fluff it up occasionally by stirring with an orange stick. . . A Hollywood trick for setting powder is to pat the freshly powdered face all over with a towel wrung out in ice water. . . Applying face powder over lip rouge or eyeshadow or even mascara makes it last twice as long as usual. You do the make-up, dust powder over it, then reapply the make-up on top of the powder.

Face Saving

Once more it is possible to find in the shops the always useful facial tissue, a pleasant fact for which we can thank something called Order A-765 issued recently. The Order reduces the number of facial tissue sizes to two and fixes the maximum of 300 sheets to a package.

Simplification of sizes and packaging, it is hoped, will ease somewhat the difficulties in the wholesale and retail trades where acute shortage had led to a quota system of distribution.

Coronet

Fresh flowers in the hair for evening is a charming New York fashion and the smartest idea in the lot is the coronet, or crown effect. This is achieved by fastening flowers to an invisible bandeau.

Stephanotis, gardenias, carnations and sweetheart roses are popular but the most elegant and distinguished arrangement is, three orchids—a large flower in the centre and a smaller one on either side.

This lovely headdress is equally becoming to long or up-swept hair—to blonde, brunette or red heads.

This is a very practical way to wear flowers as they are not crushed in dancing, and don't have to be parked on a table for protection. They also give a real air to a well coiffed head.

This headdress will last for two or three occasions if the flowers are placed in the refrigerator to freshen up after each wearing.

Like the lure of precious stones, the orchid has an appeal that is unique. Any flower that requires seven years to complete its matchless beauty deserves top ranking in the world of flowers.

On Autumn's horizon—this version of the new cupped brim comes from the California Fall millinery openings. It is shown in grey felt with tiny pearl buttons, a grey veil to act as a picture frame for the face.

A tool to keep at hand is a handbrush of medium stiffness. Used with warm soapy wafer it keeps nails immaculate and helps prevent the formation of ragged cuticle outline.

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Brightener for DULL SKIN

Clear

Pamper the only face you'll ever have with a Dorothy Gray *Masque Frappe* treatment. Smooth on this luscious-pink masque . . . allow to dry . . . remove with water. Tingly-cool, mildly bracing, it sparkles up drab, dull skin . . . gives your complexion a glowing all-clear look. $2.50.

Brighten

Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion. Then pat your face with slapping upward motions. Excellent for local stimulation and discouraging conspicuous pores. Skin takes on fresh clarity! $1.25.

For smooth, even coloring, use Dorothy Gray *Elation Make-up Film*. Helps dry skin look soft, pliant. $1.15.

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THE OTHER PAGE

Pro-Votes and Con-Votes

BY WILFRID SANDERS

NOW that the Ontario election is over and done with, I respectfully, but fervently suggest that we do something about it. I mean, that we never again expose ourselves to the risk of mass frustration in such a way as we, in Ontario, did on August 4 last.

A pox on it!

I refer of course, to the fact that, under our obsolete electoral system, it is possible only to vote FOR a candidate, or a party, and never, never AGAINST a candidate. What a state of affairs!

Opinion polls would unquestionably show that in the Ontario election, for every voter who wanted to vote FOR a candidate, you could find two or three who wanted to vote AGAINST another candidate — and the same with parties. What happens to these people? By now, they must be the victims of all sorts of frustration complexes. If we could see into their homes. . .! It is a terrible thought.

Let's look at the thing squarely and face up to it, as adults should. I called our electoral system obsolete, and so it is. In the old days, the dear old days, it didn't matter so much. There were then predominantly two parties, and therefore two candidates in every riding. A vote for the Tory candidate (remember) was automatically a neat black eye for the Grit candidate.

But today, what?

Take the case of the Manitogowan riding, which is hypothetical but representative. There were three candidates in this riding, candidates X, Y, and Z. (These were not their real names, but are pseudonyms, chosen more or less at random). Mrs. Doakes, voter, doesn't know anything about Candidates X and Y, and only knows of candidate Z through the fact that he had the misfortune to be in office, and, deservedly or not, incurred Mrs. Doakes' dire wrath. It may have been something he did, or it may have been something he said—or it may have been something he ate. In any event, the election meant only one thing to Mrs. Doakes—a chance to get rid of Candidate Z. So she looked over the other two candidates, and voted for the one with the "most open face," which happened to be candidate Y.

Now, Voter Heatherstonhaugh, in the same riding as Voter Doakes, also is very, very displeased with the record of Candidate Z, for reasons which appear to him to be valid. All he asked from this election was the downfall and humiliation of candidate Z. He also looks over the other two candidates, with a completely open mind, and finds that candidate X fought in the last war. So out goes Voter Heatherstonhaugh, and plunks for Candidate X.

You will note at this point, that the objectives of Voters Doakes and Heatherstonhaugh are identical. They are more than fellow-travellers along the political science road. The issue in the election is the same.

But the paradox is that, in spite of their mutual goal, in fact *because* of their mutual goal, they defeated themselves. They split the vote and Candidate Z is once more their accredited representative in the Legislature. As for the voters, Mrs. Doakes is already showing signs of a persecution complex (she says there are dictaphones hidden in her bedroom), and Voter Heatherstonhaugh's wife is living with her folks.

It is all so unnecessary, so tragically unnecessary. But it is the "Pro-Vote" system at work.

Under the "Con-Vote" system, citizens who found themselves in the situation of Doakes and Heatherstonhaugh, would not have to vote FOR anyone. There would be a place on the ballot for a big vote against Candidate Z, as well as a place to vote for him. Each voter would have two votes, one to be used for a candidate, and another to be used against a candidate if desired. You can picture the glee—the perfectly legal glee — with which Citizens Doakes and Heatherstonhaugh would mark a big "X" in the con-vote space opposite the malodorous name of Z. Let us assume that after performing this pleasant civic duty, they each vote for the same candidate they supported on August 4. It would still not hurt their cause. Candidate Z would have two black marks against him, and Candidate Y, with the open face, and Candidate X, who fought in the last war, would each be one up.

Exactly 20,000 people voted in Manitogowan riding on August 4, which is very convenient, because it makes a nice round figure to use as an illustration. The result of the actual election looked like this:

Candidate	Votes For
X	5,500
Y	6,000
Z	8,500

Candidate Z was declared the people's choice, whereas actually, there were more people who didn't want him elected (the 11,500 who voted for other candidates) than there were people who wanted him elected (the 8,500 who voted for him).

Under the "con-vote" system, each voter in Manitogowan would have been entitled to one pro-vote and one con-vote. In other words, there would have been 20,000 "For" votes in the riding, and 20,000 "Against" votes. The results of the August 4 affair, if the true state of affairs had been revealed through the system I am supporting, would have been shown as follows:

Candidate	Pro-Votes	Con-Votes	Net
X	5,500	3,000	+2,500
Y	6,000	6,000	nil
Z	8,500	11,000	−3,500
	20,000	20,000	

True, Z received the greatest number of votes FOR, but that is only one side of the picture, and it is time we looked at both sides. Z also received the greatest number of votes AGAINST, leaving him a minus net vote. Obviously, candidate X, who fought in the last war, and "whose face is sort of open, from the right angle," as Mrs. Doakes would admit, is the people's choice. Yet he was the one who was humiliated on August 4 by being bottom on the list.

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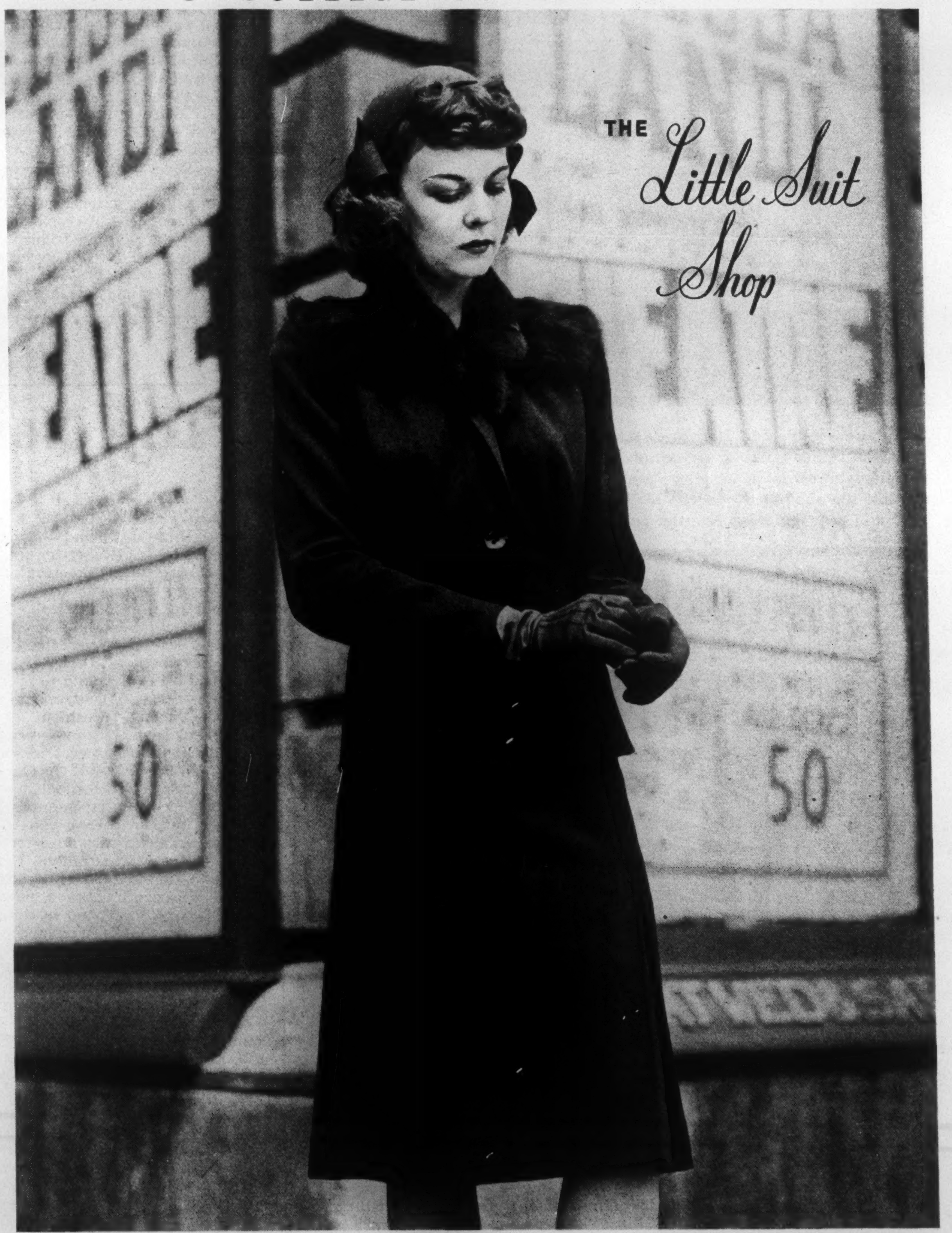

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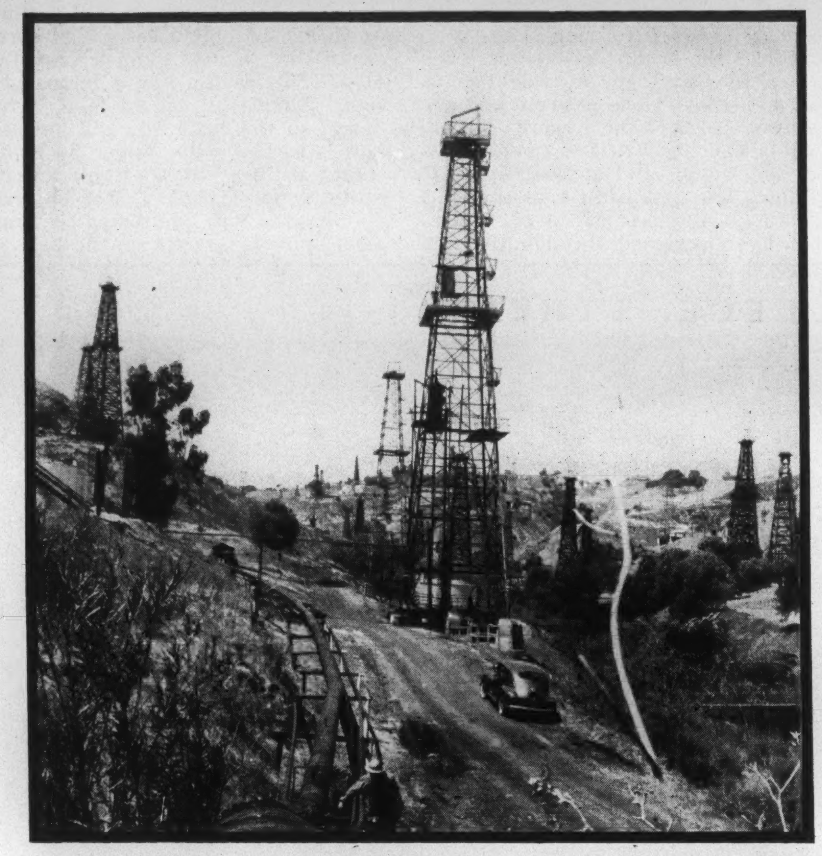
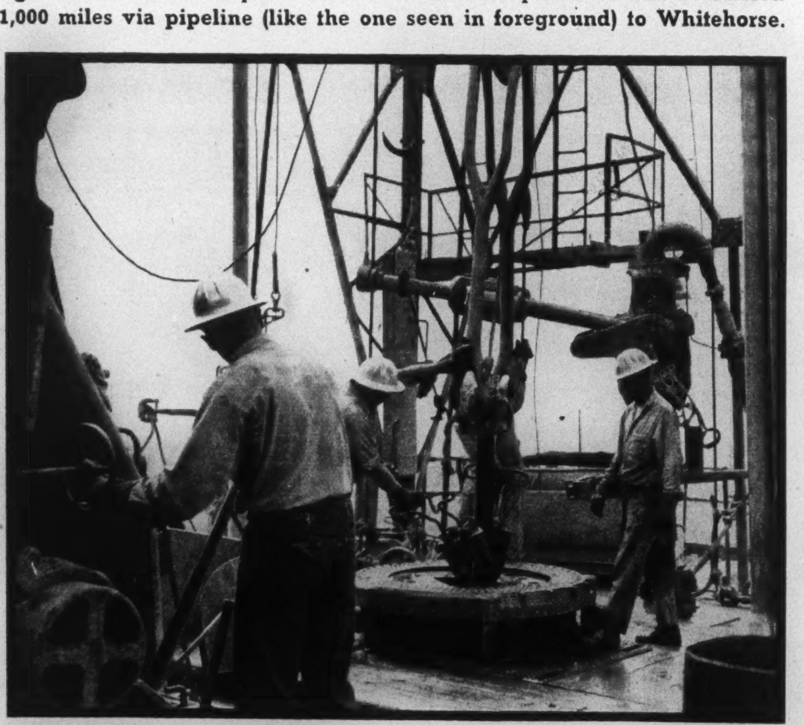
Pipe Line Taps Canada's Northern Oil Reserves



Completion of the Fort Norman-Whitehorse pipe line, scheduled for this year will make available for wartime needs the vast potential oil reserves of Canada's Fort Norman field. Some day not far distant "scores" of oil rigs like the above may dot the Mackenzie valley and oil will be carried 1,000 miles via pipeline (like the one seen in foreground) to Whitehorse.



Rotary drills like the above are responsible for present high-speed methods of drilling. Under the driller's direction (left) the crew are attaching "slips", vise-like grippers that prevent the pipe's slipping back into the bore. Pieces of rock and clay shown below are core centres taken from the bore of the well every hundred feet or so. To a geologist they provide a complete picture of the progress of drilling.

Inflation is Controllable

BY STANLEY McCONNELL

The warning by Donald Gordon, Chairman of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, that Canada's whole price ceiling is in danger, invites comparison of the methods employed by Britain, United States and Canada to control inflation.

Britain's success has been due to the fact that the policy of price ceilings was reinforced by a greater control of the supply of consumer buying power in relation to the available goods than elsewhere.

The failure to control inflation, according to the writer, arises in part from fiscal policies which either directly raise prices or fail to control the money side of the price relationship and partly from the demand of various economic groups for higher monetary returns.

"IT IS BY MEANS of names and numbers that the human understanding obtains power over the world", wrote Spengler. This truth suggests that the correct approach to the problems of a commercial order is not political but mathematical and that economic disorders arise from some violation of the principles of mathematics.

Applying this to the problem of inflation, an adequate definition of the word could hardly fail to disclose the cure. Yet no scientific definition has been forthcoming. For the most part the writer on this subject assumes that his readers know what he means. They generously assume that he knows himself. The reason for the ambiguity is fairly obvious. There is no point of reference from which inflation can be measured, except one arbitrarily chosen. The rule of thumb method now followed is to take the price level for a given year or period and to chart subsequent price movements in terms of that assumed norm.

A rise in prices is not necessarily inflation. It may be due to nonmonetary causes such as a crop failure or a prolonged strike, with the law of supply and demand recording the fact in higher prices. Inflation, properly speaking, is a monetary phenomenon. With that in mind, one might define it as a rise in prices due to monetary causes such as an increase in the supply of spendable income. This may be due to an increase in the supply of currency and credit or to a rise in consumer income resulting from higher wages, profits and dividends. The psychological factor also comes into play at the beginning of a price boom, creating an artificial demand through speculative buying and hedging which forces prices still higher.

With the experience of the last war as a guide, Britain, United States and Canada have sought to control inflation which is recognized as a brake on production. Britain has held inflation to within one per cent since her stabilization program was an-

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The New World of Electronics

BY P. M. RICHARDS

"ELECTRONICS marks the end of one age, the Machine Age, and the beginning of another, the Electronics Age," writes an enthusiast in the Wall Street Journal. "Electronics is fulfilment of man's answer to an age-old striving to escape from the limitations of the body. It holds out a promise that he may yet climb to the stars, run with the wind."

The scientists say that electronics isn't really a new development; that war has merely served to point up new uses for it and to improve its old applications. Which is true, of course, but how much has been done! David Sarnoff, president of Radio Corporation of America, says that as a result of the development of Radar, Britain's "secret weapon" which played so big a part in the defeat of the German air blitz in 1940, and more recently in combatting the Atlantic submarine menace, "radio instruments will emerge from the war almost human in their capabilities."

Radar means "radio detecting and ranging." It is an electronic instrument that projects a beam of radio impulses through space at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. Like a powerful searchlight, these impulses, as employed in combat, reveal the presence of distant objects—airplanes, submarines and battleships.

Because only a very little information on the workings of Radar has been given out so far, it isn't possible to foresee all the peacetime applications. But the radio industry is agreed that it will be a full industry unto itself.

Engineers already have put invisible electrons to work at such unrelated tasks as killing germs, smashing atoms, X-raying high speed bullets in flight, generating new sources of light, improving radio communications and controlling industrial machinery. Some electronic tubes—the photo-electric cells or phototubes—already serve as electronic eyes and hands. Faster than any human reflex, they can count objects at the rate of 50,000 a minute. They can sort a ten-cent cigar from a nickel one, automatically pick out a good poker hand, or spot a thief in the act of cracking a safe. Such tubes are masters of detection, and their jobs range from locating icebergs at sea to providing conclusive evidence that a motorist has exceeded the speed limit.

Quality with Quantity

Electronic tubes now help industry to maintain quality while producing in quantity—the key to the success of mass production. The tubes thus employed are electronic phototubes. These tubes are used in two general ways, one with a direct beam of light and the other a reflected beam. Under the first system, such as might be used to count objects coming off an assembly line, a beam of light which frees the stream of electrons is interrupted when the assembly line items get in its path. This shuts off the flow of current in the tube, allows a switch to close, and thus sets a counter in motion.

Similar arrangements can make the phototubes check other manufacturing processes. For example, pistons for a delicately-balanced automobile engine, dropping on a scale on their way to the engine assembly line, would cause the scale pointer to interrupt a beam of light, and immediately flash a warning so an offending part could be returned for correction or rejection.

The second system, utilizing a beam of reflected light to liberate a stream of electrons in the tube, makes possible such operations as a continuous automatic check on the color of products coming off an assembly line, because every color and shade of color has a different light reflective value. It ensures high uniformity of the color of fabrics from a loom. It checks the color register in color printing processes, sorts cigars for uniformity, and matches the enamel parts of electric refrigerators.

Phototubes also guard the safety of factory workers by shutting off a machine when a worker's hand comes too close to a moving part. They open doors, and automatically maintain illumination levels inside buildings by controlling the sources of light. And electronics engineers see in tomorrow's home an almost unlimited increase in the useful, time-saving applications of these ingenious electrical "minds".

New Uses for X-Ray

The familiar X-ray, long used for dental examinations, for studying bone fractures and more recently on a wide scale for disclosures of hidden flaws in industrial castings and forgings, is now also helping ballistics experts to study the behavior of bullets in flight. Westinghouse's electronics laboratories have developed a high-speed X-ray tube which can penetrate an inch of steel and give a record in a millionth of a second—one micro-second—and thus take a picture of bullets in flight through gun barrels or crashing into armor plate.

Although now used principally in the study of ballistics, the new tube promises to be an important tool in the hands of industrial engineers after the war. With it, they will be able to study the inner workings of a machine in motion, and thus increase the efficiency and durability of automobiles, electric power generating equipment, motors, and other mechanical and electrical devices.

Even the nation's dinner table may be benefited in the future by advances in the study of X-radiation. It has been found that an entirely new type of plant can be produced by exposing seed to these rays. Engineers believe this may lead to the production of new vegetable foods and greater productivity of farm lands.

Electronics promises new and undreamed-of advancement in the field of medicine, too. The uses of the X-ray are already well-known. Fluoroscopy permits study of organs in motion. Electronic devices like the inductotherm create therapeutic heat deep in human tissues and the electrocardiograph tells the doctor about the hearts of his patients and guides treatment.

"Man's old dream of a world free from sickness and pain is not yet here, but we are nearer to it, by far, than man has yet seen," General Electric tells us.

nounced in April, 1941. She achieved this result by a policy of price ceilings, supplemented by the payment of subsidies on staple commodities, including food and transportation costs. Heavy taxation, amounting to 44 per cent of total expenditures, combined with a per capita investment of $456 in war savings, reduced consumer buying power in relation to the volume of goods offered for sale.

In the United States, the cost of living has risen about 25 per cent since January, 1941, and is still rising. The comparative failure of the OPA to control inflation is due to the fact that too much reliance was placed on price ceilings and administrative persuasion rather than the control of the volume of spending medium in relation to available goods and commodities. Both taxation and savings have been on a much lower scale than in Britain.

U.S. Buying Power

As pointed out by the London *Economist*, "the individual citizens of the United States have, in the aggregate, about $3,000,000,000 more income after taxation every month than they had two years ago. Slightly more than $1,000,000,000 a month is being mopped up in war savings bonds, leaving the enormous amount of about $2,000,000,000 a month or $24,000,000,000 a year—considerably more than the whole pre-war British national income as a net addition to potential purchasing power. The plain truth is that no legislative or administrative mechanisms can dam up inflation if so great a head of liquid purchasing power is allowed to press against the dam."

In Canada the cost of living index stands currently at 118.8, the average for the years 1935-39 being taken as 100. The increase in prices since January, 1941, when the index stood at 103.8 represents a rise of over 14 per cent. In the war against inflation Canada plays true to form and occupies an intermediate position between Britain and the United States.

The attempt to control prices and the payment of cost of living bonuses has made Canadians index conscious. To that extent the unstable dollar has been unseated as a measure of purchasing power. In its survey, *The National Income of Canada*, released in February last, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics presents figures on Canada's national income for the years 1919-1938. The Bureau points out that the national income as expressed in current dollars should be adjusted to the price index to give a true picture of Canada's real income.

Future Headaches

The payment of cost of living bonuses is a new departure in government finance designed to check inflation. If adopted as a settled policy it will lead to future administrative headaches. Since a rise in the general price index affects the purchasing power of every dollar, the payment of subsidies to particular economic groups amounts to a redistribution of the national income through taxation while other groups are penalized. If paid to all on an equitable basis, it amounts to taking money out of one pocket and putting it in another.

In accepting the responsibility of controlling prices, governments have assumed a function which in theory they have always held but which they failed to exercise, the constitutional right "to coin money and regulate its value". The duty of controlling inflation is essentially that of providing a true monetary standard. Having grasped the nettle of monetary instability, it remains for governments to hold it firmly and deal with it on the basis of principle rather than expediency. If controls are necessary, it would be well to enquire what kinds of control are possible, whether they are in the general interest and whether they serve their purpose.

Measured by this test, some of our fiscal techniques are themselves inflationary. The sales tax is a special patent of Canadian legislators who evidently proceeded on the theory that what you don't see can't hurt you. Being a direct markup of the price of goods, wholly unrelated to the supply, it is purely inflationary. The British government is using it as a war measure to curtail the demand for luxury goods but has specifically excluded food, clothing and utility goods from its operation.

In failing to stabilize the money volume, governments have overlooked the first essential step toward providing a stable dollar and thereby controlling inflation. On this point the following statement from *The National Income of Canada*, referred to above, is significant: "Measured in current dollars the national income of Canada showed marked fluctuation during the inter-war period. Mainly reflecting the currency inflation immediately following the first world war, the national income rose from $4,087 million in 1919 to $4,614 million in 1920."

Here a currency inflation of 7 per cent corresponded with an apparent rise in the national income of 13 per cent. In subsequent years the money volume dropped to a low point of $1,983 million in 1922, the national income falling to $3,762 million in the same year. In 1929 at the peak of the inflation it reached its highest point for the years 1919-36 at $2,497 million, dropping again to $2,106 in 1933, its lowest point in the thirties, which also corresponded with the low point of the depression, the national income for this year being $2,795 million. A study of Tables 1 and 27 in this Report* establishes the fact that fluctuations in the general price level correspond with fluctuations in the money supply (a confirmation of the quantity theory of money) and points conclusively to a means of controlling inflation by controlling the supply of national currency.

The present fight against inflation under the spur of a total war effort is part of the attempt to solve the basic problem of a money economy—the equating of production and consumption. It is in relation to this economic imperative that all monetary and fiscal techniques must be judged. The state cannot manufacture purchasing power. It is not called upon to use tax revenues to bonus favored economic groups. The most it can do is to regulate the value of the purchasing medium and to ensure that its policies do not widen the gap between purchasing power and production. Its function is to guard, not to supplant, the economic function of the market.

*National Income of Canada, Part 1, Dominion Bureau of Statistics.

Practicable Social Ends

A stable monetary unit and a stable price level are legitimate and practicable social ends. Yet it is impossible to peg prices when the monetary unit in which prices are measured remains unpegged, while fiscal policy continues to raise prices through consumer taxes and while various economic groups seek a higher monetary expression for their own contribution while looking to the state to preserve their sectional gains from the consequent rise in prices by cost of living bonuses. It is idle for the state to foster the belief that it can safely work this fiscal magic. To continue these policies is to impose an insuperable barrier to the release of our productive energies and to enter upon a new era of hedgerow warfare with the machinery of government at the mercy of organized pressure groups.

The attempt to control inflation is one of many signs that the public mind is groping inevitably if slowly toward the basic techniques of a money economy which are also the techniques of democracy. If it is to succeed, it must be based on fundamental principles. John Strachey, the English socialist writer, has fatally compromised his own case in reminding us that the essential thing for which men have fought for the past four hundred years was the right to buy and sell. Upon that economic right, the freedom of contract, the whole structure of political freedom rests. The socialist movement would replace the freedom of contract by an overhead planning authority with power to regulate prices, wages and the allocation of jobs.

To control inflation by the same methods is to invite the same result. The law of supply and demand is still working. There is no substitute within the democratic framework. It is submitted that if governments would confine themselves to controlling the money side of the equation

(*Continued on Page 35*)

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RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY
As at 31st DECEMBER, 1942

The following statement for 1942 of the Eagle Star Insurance Company denotes further progress along sound and profitable lines, despite the difficulties of conducting business during wartime. A considerably increased volume of new life business has been handled, while the aggregate premium income of the fire, accident and marine departments was greater than formerly. In addition, highly satisfactory trading profits were achieved throughout the year's transactions. Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., Chairman and Managing Director of the Company, said at the Annual Meeting:—"British Insurance Companies have in the past been the pride of our Country and the admiration of the rest of the World, and have been a most important asset in the Country's trading."

Paid-up Capital	$ 16,281,000.00
General Reserve Fund	12,150,000.00
Profit and Loss Account	3,074,445.72
Provision for Pensions	1,458,000.00
Life Assurance and Annuity Funds	79,299,997.92
Sinking Fund and Capital Redemption Fund	4,907,044.80
Fire Insurance Fund	2,381,186.16
Accident, Employers' Liability, Motor and General Insurance Funds	5,167,774.08
Marine Insurance Fund	3,635,182.80
	$128,354,631.48
Uncalled Capital	9,995,163.48
	$138,349,794.96
PREMIUM INCOME	
Fire, Marine, Employers' Liability, Accident, Motor and General Department	$ 17,750,834.10
Life, Annuity, etc.	8,129,142.18
	$ 25,879,976.28

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

FALCONBRIDGE, VENTURES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I would like your opinion as to the advisability of continuing to hold Falconbridge and Ventures.

—M. D. J., Regina, Sask.

I would have no hesitation in continuing to hold both Falconbridge Nickel and Ventures, Ltd. Operations at the former are proceeding satisfactorily under an arrangement with International Nickel and the property is in full quota production. While the expansion program has tended to temporarily disrupt earnings these should now improve. Due to the heavy drain on the ore reserves in the old section of the mine increased development of the properties held elsewhere on the rim of the basin is planned. Although the company is using up its cash and ore reserves for small profits due to the war it is believed the present heavy production of ore can easily be made up when it is possible to test other sections of the property.

The future prospects of Ventures Limited, appear very promising. It is one of the outstanding companies engaged in the development, financing and operation of mines, with a well-rounded and diversified list of mining activities, and is in a sound position for when peace is again restored. The picture with respect to the company's gold and base metal operations is a satisfactory one, and in connection with the war metal projects it is anticipated nearly all will continue to operate in the post war period. The assets of Sudbury Basin Mines, with the exception of the Ontario Pyrites holding, were recently taken over.

MUIRHEADS CAFETERIAS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me how Muirheads Cafeterias has been getting on lately and whether there is any likelihood of dividends being paid on the preferred shares? How long is it since there was a dividend payment on these shares? All information will be appreciated.

—P.C.D., Hamilton, Ont.

Although operating results of Muirheads for the fiscal year ended February 28, 1943, were the best since 1932, net income failed to cover provision for depreciation, and the company reported the tenth consecutive annual net deficit. In some of these years the net deficit was reported without making provision for depreciation. However, the latest fiscal year shows material improvement with net profit before depreciation of $18,199, up from $15,307 for the previous year. After increased amount for depreciation, from $17,878 to $18,668 the net deficit of $469 was a reduction from $2,871 the year before.

The deficits reported from year to year have brought the total operating deficit to $111,035, in addition to which the company has a capital deficit of $62,924. These annual losses and total deficits do not hold out much hope for resumption of dividends on the 7½% cumulative preference shares of $10 par, in arrears of dividend from July 1, 1932.

Net working capital of $38,255 at February 28, 1943, was an improvement from $22,553 at February 28, 1942, and was the best recorded since the fiscal period ended February 1937.

STEEL OF CANADA

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am thinking of selling Steel Co. of Canada common and purchasing National Steel Car common in its place. Do you consider this advisable?

—G. B., Toronto, Ont.

I would be disinclined, in your place, to sell Steel of Canada common in order to buy National Steel Car. In view of the progress being made on the fighting fronts, I think investors should consider the possibility that the war may be over sooner than we used to think possible. It seems to me that National Steel Car is more definitely a "war stock" than Steel of Canada is.

The only reason I know of for disliking Steel of Canada common is the labor trouble the company is experiencing. I note that in reporting a decline in steel ingot production of $2 for the first six months of 1943, President Ross H. McMaster, of Steel of Canada, told shareholders that the drop was due to inability to maintain the company's labor force and to the heavy turnover of new employees.

This is not a nice situation, of course, but the management is able and experienced, and in view of the company's fine record over many years, I would be inclined to hold the stock, especially in view of the fact that a lot of its normal production is in smaller steel goods that are likely to be in big demand immediately the war ends. Furthermore, it is interesting to note that the 2% decline in steel ingot production referred to by Mr. McMaster compares with a decline of 6% in total Canadian production.

MOBIRK BERYLLIUM

Editor, Gold & Dross:

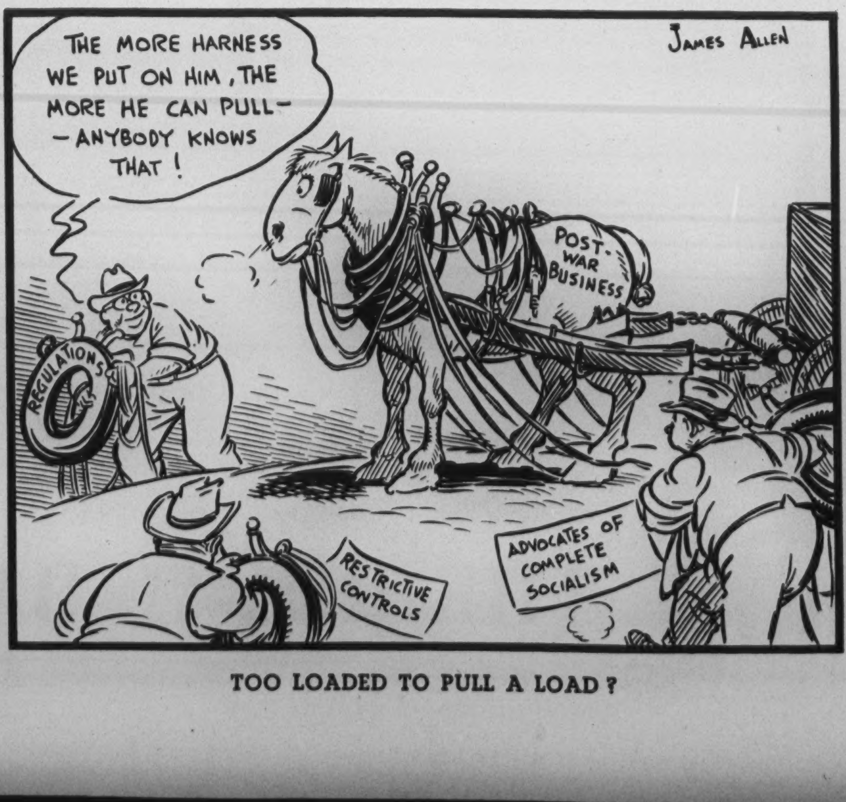
Will you please endeavor to secure information on Mobirk Beryllium Mines? Will watch each issue for your reply.

—A.W., Hamilton, Ont.

With beryllium in greatly increased demand for war purposes it is possible Mobirk Beryllium Mines will be able to raise finances necessary for further exploration and development, but the commercial possibilities of the property remain indeterminate until further development has been completed.

The property consists of 21 claims, in four groups, in southeastern Manitoba and considerable work has been done in an endeavor to develop beryllium, as well as tin, lithia and tungsten. Two shafts were put down on deposits, one to 110 feet and the other to 140 feet, and some beryl crystals and massive beryl were stockpiled. Neither the crystals nor massive formation are found in great concentrations but occur at intervals throughout the pegmatite dikes, which is a feature of the district.

Beryl has been found in numerous Canadian pegmatites, but so far none of the occurrences have shown any particular promise as an important source of beryl and more development work is necessary to estimate the possibilities. There are no plants in the Dominion for the treatment of beryllium ore and any produced must find an export market, the United States being the leading world consumer.



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FOUR GOLDS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Kindly give me your opinion of the following: East Malartic, Chesterville, Preston East Dome, Upper Canada. I know they are speculative. I've had splendid results from following your advice.

—C.L.W., Newmarket, Ont.

The gold stocks you list all offer attraction if purchased for the long-term. All are hampered by the labor shortage and other restrictions but once conditions become normal they should rapidly improve. Wartime conditions have reduced the milling rate at Chesterville and earnings were sharply lower last year. New development has been curtailed but ore reserves are sufficient for about three years' milling. The extension on to Chesterville of the No. 21 ore-body from the adjoining Kerr-Addison has important implications as to grade and profits in the future.

The ore potential of East Malartic is impressive, developed reserves being approximately 2,700,000 tons above the tenth level, grading $8.31 per ton. The method of mining has had to be changed to overcome dilution and the earning performance should be better when conditions again become normal. Net working capital exceeds $1,120,000. The prospects for Preston East Dome appear favorable in the post-war period. The recent performance is not normal and should be considerably improved after the war ends. At present mill tonnage is considerably below capacity. The ore situation is satisfactory.

Upper Canada does not report ore reserves but these are said to be suf-

ficient for several years' milling, and the mine in the best physical condition in its history. Net profit in the year ended April 30 was approximately 16 cents a share, against 14.4 cents in 1941, and the treasury position improved despite higher taxes and dividends. The No. 2 shaft area promises to be important. The company controls the Queenston property, which has possibilities of becoming a profitable producer in the post-war period.

CARIBOO-HUDSON

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Have there been any recent developments at the Cariboo-Hudson Gold Mines? I have heard nothing for some years since they were trying to raise new finances for further development. Any information you have will be welcome.

—J. J. R., Rossland, B.C.

Yes, it was recently announced that the plant and property of Cariboo-Hudson Gold Mines, in the Cariboo mining division of British Columbia, was being offered for sale by the Canadian Credit Men's Trust Association. The property is equipped with a 100-ton mill and mining plant.

As you are undoubtedly aware, the mill was only in operation from November, 1938 to August, 1939, when it produced $185,000. The grade of ore was good but it was evident the mill was prematurely constructed. Efforts were made to interest new capital to undertake the further development of the property, which would likely have meant a reorganization, but this was not successful. The management had faith in the property and estimated that under $150,000, would permit an adequate program of work. When the mill was shut down I understand the company's liabilities were approximately $114,000.

DOMINION TEXTILE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been recommended by a reputable investment service (U.S.) to sell Dominion Textile common, held for investment. This recommendation rather surprised me, and I would appreciate your comment.

—R.N.F., Toronto, Ont.

You do not say why the American investment service advised you to sell Dominion Textile common. The company did well in the fiscal year ended March 31, 1943, reporting net profit of $1,636,885 (up some $90,000), equal after preferred dividends to $5.56 a share on the common stock, against $5.22 shown for the previous year; in addition the company earned an estimated $880,000 or $3.26 a share in the form of the refundable portion of the excess profits tax. After the $5 common dividend, and transferring $120,981 to reserve for contingencies, the company's earned surplus was increased by $30,062 to $5,256,916. In the last fiscal year, the 100% Excess Profits Tax applied to only three quarters of the period, whereas it will apply to the whole of the present fiscal year. Net working capital was increased during the past year by $1,343,218 to $13,806,741, the gain being largely accounted for by larger holdings of marketable securities and heavier inventory.

Perhaps the reason for the advice to sell given by the American service was the suggestion made by G. Blair Gordon, President of the company, at the annual meeting of shareholders. The President, in the course of his formal statement dealing with conditions in the industry and at the company's own mills, referred to "the last vestige of a tariff on cotton goods from England" having disappeared some three years ago, adding that this protective tariff presumably would never return. He went on from there to suggest that while there was still Canadian duties on American cotton goods, "it would seem that we must adjust ourselves to the idea that these, too, may be practically removed." That would seem to leave the company without any of the tariff "protection" that so many have assumed was a vital condition to its survival.

However, Mr. Gordon, answering a question from a shareholder, indicated that in his opinion a removal of Canadian tariffs and the opening up of Canadian markets to United States for other goods, would only be a serious matter if this tariff abolition were one-sided. He foresaw a situation under which there would be a mutual elimination of tariffs as between the two countries, whereby Dominion Textiles would have an opportunity to sell its products in the United States. He suggested that this might necessitate a radical change in the company's lines of manufacture; in place of hundreds of lines turned out today to meet domestic requirements, the company would specialize on a limited range, as is done by nearly all U.S. mills, thus materially reducing the unit cost of manufacture and meeting low cost competition.

AUNOR

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Do you consider Aunor Gold Mines has attraction for a speculative investment? I notice the shares have advanced considerably this year. What kind of results are marking development at depth? A few remarks as to earnings, dividends, working capital and ore reserves will also be helpful.

—E. M. T., Glace Bay, N.S.

Aunor Gold Mines, I think, is among the most attractive of the junior producers, and particularly so because of the complete reversal of the earlier disappointing results on lower levels, which has decidedly improved the outlook since last year. The company which is controlled by Noranda Mines has a low capitalization and highly efficient management.

The two new deep horizons at 1,375 and 1,500 feet are opening up in an impressive way and showing greater ore lengths and widths than elsewhere in the mine, with over 1,000 feet already opened on the bottom level. While the floor above has not been developed as far, it shows a length in excess of 800 feet and expectations are for extensions of the lengths on both. Further diamond drilling has indicated the continuation of the ore to greater depth. Ore reserves are considered sufficient for at least five years.

In spite of the acute shortage of labor the company continues to give an excellent account of itself with operating profits running around $90,000 monthly. A better grade of ore and the reduced amount of development possible is assisting in maintaining earnings. Net profit in the first half of the current year was equal to dividend requirements of 16 cents a share for the 12 months' period. A dividend of four cents quarterly had been paid since payments commenced in March, 1941, but this was increased to five cents a share in the third quarter this year. The company's working capital position is reported as close to the $800,000 mark.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

New York Stock Market—ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: American common stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed.

INTERMEDIATE OR SEVERAL-MONTH: An upturn developed from April 28, 1942 lows and ran to July 16, 1943. A reversal in this trend to a downward direction was recently indicated. For further discussion of outlook, see below.

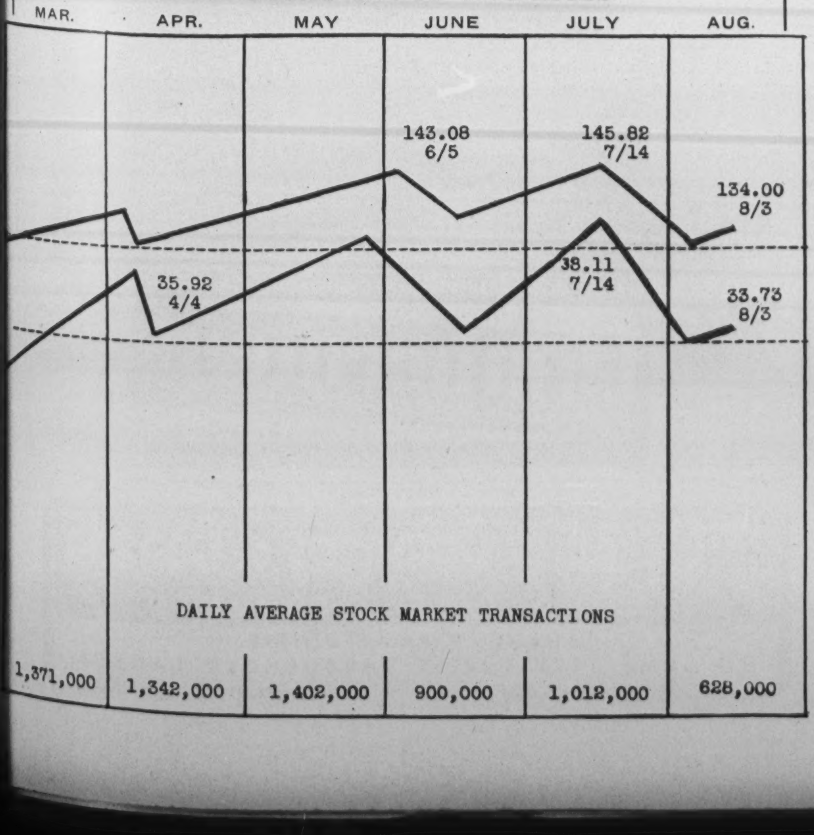
PRICE RUN-UP WOULD PROVIDE OPPORTUNITY TO BUILD CASH RESERVES

Viewed broadly, the current market continues in a relatively high area, despite the 12-point break in the Dow-Jones industrial average of several weeks back. The 136-137 level in which the average, for the past several days, has ranged approximates the March/April peaks—which were 48% or more above the April 1942 lows. Rails, as reflected by the railroad average, are currently off about 10% from their extreme July peaks as compared with around 5% for the industrial list. As among individual issues, the per cent decline naturally shows wide variation.

As pointed out last week, there are two considerations to be kept in mind in connection with the recent indication of the averages as to a reversal in the market's SEVERAL-MONTH direction. First, a downward plunge from new highs, as was true of the movement under discussion, is usually followed by a rally back toward such highs for testing purposes. Second, an intermediate decline, while normally canceling from 3/8 to 5/8 of the previous advance, as discussed rather fully in our Forecast of Aug. 7, is not obliged, under any rules, to do so. Occasionally such declines have fallen short of these limits and, after due backing and filling by averages, resumption of the main direction has been signalled.

Should the upward rebound for testing of recent peaks occur prior to the averages going under their August 2 low points, it would be normal for the industrial average to return to the 141 level, with higher figures not impossible. On the other hand, resumption of decline here to full secondary proportions would carry the industrial average within the 125/112 limits representing 3/8 to 5/8 cancellations, respectively, of the April 1942-July 1943 advance. We see no occasion for the purchase of stocks at this time but would regard any immediate run-up above the 140 level as occasion for selling on the part of those who failed to establish cash reserves on pre-July 15 strength in line with our advices at the time.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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ABOUT INSURANCE

Important Unemployment Insurance Changes

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Recent changes in the Dominion Government Unemployment Insurance scheme, which has been in operation since July 1, 1941, or a little more than two years, are dealt with in this article. It is officially estimated that some 200,000 additional employees will thus be brought under the Act.

BY THE amendments made to the Unemployment Insurance Act, 1940, at the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, some 200,000 more employees, it is estimated, have been brought under the Act. Previously, the total number of employees coming under the scheme was upwards of 2,225,000, according to official estimates. It will be recalled that while the Act received the Royal Assent on August 7, 1940, the first contributions from employers and employees were payable on July 1, 1941, so that the scheme has been in operation for a little over two years.

In the two-year period from July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1943, the total amount received from employers and employees under the scheme was $108,111,000, according to official figures furnished in the Senate on July 21 by Hon. A. K. Hugessen, who said that while the Unemployment Insurance Commission was unable to supply him with a breakdown of that amount as between employer and employee contributions, he was advised that they were on approximately a fifty-fifty basis, although the employees' contributions were perhaps two or three millions greater than those of the employers.

During the same two-year period the contributions of the Government (the taxpayers), which under the terms of the Act were fixed at about one-fifth of the combined contributions of employers and employees, amounted to $21,622,000. In addition, the receipts were augmented to the extent of $3,182,000 by the interest earned on investments, the investments being entirely in Dominion Government short term bonds.

Benefit Payments

Thus the total receipts during the two-year period were $132,915,000, while the total amount paid in benefits was $1,078,000, leaving total assets of $131,836,000 at June 30, 1943. In addition to the contribution of $21,622,000 towards the insurance fund, the Dominion Government also bears the cost of the administration of the Act, but what this cost has amounted to since the inception of the scheme was not disclosed.

It was evidently recognized by the Government in connection with the recent amendments that no changes in rates of benefit or in rates of contribution should be made which would prejudicially affect the actuarial soundness of the scheme. Senator Hugessen states that before the measure embodying the amendments was introduced, it was submitted to the chief actuary of the Dominion Insurance Department who reported that none of the amendments adversely affected the insurance fund or its actuarial soundness.

As noted, a few of the amendments make substantial changes. Section 21 affects government employees, federal, provincial and municipal government employees. Under the original Act such employees were exempted, provided the Unemployment Insurance Commission was satisfied that the employment was, "having regard to the normal practice of the employment, permanent in character."

All employees of the Dominion of Canada who came under the Civil Service Act were exempted, although the employment of a number of such employees was not permanent. Section 21 of the amending Act deletes this reference to Dominion Government employees, but leaves in the general provision, with the effect that federal, provincial and municipal employees shall be exempt if the Commission is satisfied that their employment is permanent in character, "having regard to the normal practice of the employment." Section 21 also brings under the Act government employees who are employed in connection with a public utility. Employees of private utilities and the owners have come under the Act from the beginning.

Scope of Act Extended

Section 22 brings under the measure employees earning $2,400 a year or less, whereas under the original Act only those earning $2,000 a year or less came under the scheme. Another important change is made by Section 22, as it provides that employees "in any employment in which the contractual rate of remuneration is an hourly rate, a daily rate, a weekly rate, a piece rate including a mileage or other rate being a sum of money per unit of physical measurement of work accomplished or service rendered, or any of such rates in combination with other rates, shall, notwithstanding the amount of the remuneration, be insured unless otherwise excepted."

It appears that this provision follows the principle of British unemployment insurance legislation which brings all manual workers under the scheme irrespective of the amount of the remuneration received by them during the year, while in the case of non-manual workers only those whose earnings are £420 or less per annum come under the scheme.

It is plain that the exemption from the Act of employees earning more than $2,400 a year does not apply to employees paid on any of the various rates mentioned above. For example, as pointed out by Senator Murdock during the discussion of the measure in the Upper Chamber, there are locomotive engineers and conductors earning $3,000 or $4,000 a year who are thus brought under the Act. It was, however, in his opinion entirely consistent that those, who because of railway pension regulations were lucky enough to know that so long as they behaved themselves and did not get fired they would probably never be in want, should pay something out of their large earnings into a fund from which others in their class, but less favored, would benefit.

Maximum Rate

In answer to a question as to whether it was fair that a man earning between $3,000 and $4,000 a year should have to pay only 36 cents a week for his unemployment insurance, while a man earning between $1,300 and $1,400 had to contribute the same amount, Senator Hugessen said that while all employees in the class of those earning $26 or more a week—including these railway engineers and conductors — were required to pay the maximum rate of 36 cents per week, should they become unemployed they will be entitled to only the same benefit as other unemployed persons in the same class, that is, $12.50 a week if a single person, and $14.40 a week if a person with a dependent.

One of the reasons given for extending the scope of the Act to include employees earning up to $2,400 a year, instead of $2,000 as formerly, was that since the scheme came into force in 1941 the earnings of many employees have risen, to which increases in basic rates, cost of living bonuses and additional overtime have contributed. As a result, a considerable number of workers who it was thought would come under the Act or who in the early months were contributors have found that their earnings are in excess of the former limit of $2,000 and that they would thus be excluded from the scheme.

It is pointed out that nearly all such workers, whether in war plants or not, are in employments in which earnings and continuity and duration of employment have been beneficially affected by the war and will to an undetermined extent be adversely affected by the cessation of hostilities. They are, it is claimed, in large part persons for whom the risk of unemployment is real and substantial.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

As a reader of your paper and particularly your page devoted to insurance matters, I would like an opinion from you on the following question: I have bought a property and the house is insured against fire in the Société National D'Assces, and I am asked to take over the unexpired policy. I understand they are a tariff company. Would you let me know your view of their financial position in case I should have a claim?

—M. O. H., Pointe Claire, Que.

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AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

E. D. GOODERHAM, President A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director

The Soviet Ace-in-the-Hole

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

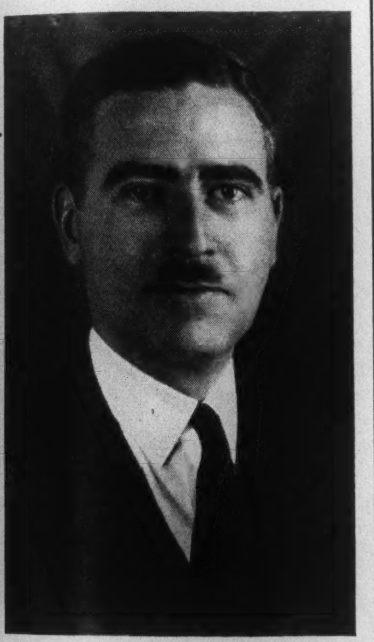
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S special envoy, Mr. Joseph Davies, on returning from his mission to the U.S.S.R. in June, spoke of the extraordinary power, innate strength, vigor, and pioneer energy, of the regions east of the Urals. The agricultural wealth of Siberia, he said, could feed an empire. When the Soviet Union astonished the world by her resistance to the onslaught of an army fed by the whole matured industrial power of Europe, and followed up that epic of defence by inflicting on the invader the most crippling defeats that any army has ever suffered, it was those "new" regions east of Moscow that were supplying the life-blood to the Soviet armed forces, the forces which have now captured Orel.

One misconception has been corrected. The Soviet Union, in losing the granaries of the Ukraine, the coalfields of the Donbas, and the iron-ore of Krivoi Rog, has not been incapacitated as the Germans confidently expected. Another misconception has arisen, perhaps, on our side, and this we shall be wise to correct. Those older producing regions did account for the major part of Soviet output. Miracles do not happen in industry. What the Soviets have done to replace their lost resources has been a prodigy of organization and human labor; it has not yet rebuilt the industrial power of the Union.

The greatest blow to German plans in Russia was the second line of industry which the Soviet put into action east of the Urals when the Ukraine and the industrial areas of the Donets basin were incapacitated. The quick transfer of industry which enabled the Russian war machine to carry on was made possible by plans which for years had looked forward to an attack from Europe.

Attention has naturally focussed on the successful evacuation of factories and personnel from threatened areas to the safety of the new zones. This was not a sudden inspiration on the part of the Soviet Government. It was a carefully prepared plan, worked out on the assumption that attack would, sooner or later, come from Europe. In this new heart of the Union sites were made in readiness; while existing plants in the west, instead of being solidly built in with concrete, were only bolted in position, their parts numbered to facilitate re-assembly. Many of these plants soon equalled, some exceeded, their pre-war output.



M. A. METCALF, whose appointment as executive assistant to the president, Canadian National Railways, is announced by R. C. Vaughan, chairman and president of the National System. Mr. Metcalf was formerly assistant to the president.

Potentially Rich Areas

The areas chosen for the new industrial heart of the Union — the Urals-Kuzbas-Central Asian areas — comprise some of the richest mineral deposits in the world. But lack of manpower and transportation have hindered its development until recent years. In Czarist days these regions were very little explored from the point of view of mineral production. The Soviet Government, in the earlier period of the Union's struggle for survival, as a power independent of foreign industry, naturally concentrated on developing the more accessible regions of the West.

Hints of present production dropped from time to time by Soviet spokesmen probably err considerably on the side of caution. Allied newspaper correspondents, unable to give precise figures, describe armament output as "staggering". The Southern Urals now house the famous Kirov armament works, evacuated from Leningrad, and the great tank plant from Kharkov which formerly made tractors for the collective farms of the Ukraine.

The region evidently produces at least one-third of the 1940 Soviet total of coal, one-quarter of the 1940 oil output, two-fifths of the iron-ore and steel, and about the same proportion of aluminium. The sown area is perhaps one-quarter of the pre-war Union total. In these basics there is still a big expansion needed, as in production of manganese and nickel; while, on the other hand, copper, lead, zinc, chrome, and magnesium, are produced in this area up to a very substantial proportion of the pre-war total. Smelting, and the lighter industries—engineering, chemical and textile—are already highly developed. New plants are producing locomotives and rolling-stock of the very latest types in rapidly increasing numbers.

Every economic activity strictly relevant to war needs has received a strong impetus from the transplantation of personnel and equipment from the factories and farms of the West, and from the direction of new trained labor battalions into pioneer work in these areas. The chief lack at present is suitable fuel. The Urals possess great iron-ore deposits but lack good coking coal—though large quantities of bituminous coal are mined in this zone.

The Third Five-Year Plan laid great stress on the development of the "Second Baku" oilfields, stretching to the west of these new industrial regions. Newer sources of power such as producer-gas and wood-alcohol are the subject of special research, with the broad object of developing power from whatever vegetable resources are available in each region. Factories and railways are being largely adapted to using wood and peat for fuel. The Third Five-Year Plan has revolutionized electricity-generation, formerly much less developed in these parts than in the West. Electricity has been basic in Soviet economic policy since the days of Lenin. The new hydro-electric system on the Chirchik, in Uzbekistan, can develop industry as did the Dnieproges system in the Ukraine.

It would be a mistake to think of all these developments taking place in virgin country to replace industries and farms over-run by the invader. Years before the war, these regions, vast distances from the aggressive imperialists of Germany and Japan, were being prospected and opened up.

• •

Inflation is Controllable

(*Continued from Page 31*)

of supply and demand and refrain from inflationary fiscal practices they would find it unnecessary to assume its functions.

It is irksome to be so near the promised land of plenty and yet so far. One can stand outside the gates and see the palatial dwelling which Canadians may occupy once the central problem of equating production and consumption is solved. The current trend to statism is an attempt to crash the gates by delegating its solution to a central authority. Those who can read the challenge to the whole liberal way of life involved in this concentration of power will prefer if need be to spend a few more years in the wilderness to solve it while holding fast the political gains and proved institutions of some centuries of sweat and tears, the peculiar and indispensable contribution of the Anglo-Saxon race to the better world of to-morrow.

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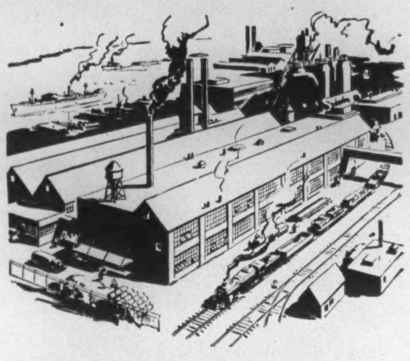

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BRITISH COLUMBIA LETTER

Lumber Famine in Land of Plenty

BY P. W. LUCE

MILLIONS of feet of British Columbia lumber are stacked in yards in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba, where orders for almost any kind of board or timbers can be filled without delay, but in Vancouver every single mill in the district was canvassed for a trifling 7,000 feet of lumber needed for an essential addition to a war plant. Not one single foot could be released because of orders on file already months behind in deliveries.

That's the situation today in the province that produces fifty per cent of Canada's total lumber cut, and 88 per cent of the shingles manufactured. Sawmill products worth probably $70,000,000 a year are going east by the hundreds of carloads, but it takes superhuman effort and a good deal of wheedling to get enough material to build a doll's house in any of the coast cities.

Lumbermen and building dealers place the blame for the existing conditions squarely on officials in Ottawa who, they say, have allowed themselves to be influenced by the Eastern Canadian Lumber Association to the serious prejudice of the western interests.

The lumber controller has ordered priority for 10,000,000 feet of lumber per month for prairie markets. Once this is filled it leaves almost nothing for local consumers, and the delivery of this is so hedged with regulations, stipulations, and restrictions that release is almost impossible.

Recently D. D. Rosenberry, regional timber controller, announced that enough lumber would be released in Vancouver for the building of 500 homes, but lumbermen look upon this order as one more indication of red-tape inefficiency and ineptitude. How can lumber be released from non-existent stocks? they ask, with asperity.

Collective Action

An effort is being made to organize strong collective action on the part of the Board of Trade, Manufacturer's Association, the Trades and Labor Council, and other public bodies with a view to exerting pressure on the Hon. C. D. Howe for a more equitable distribution of lumber, but no great hopes are held out that the minister will do much about this. In the words of a local dealer who has had to close up because he could get no supplies, Mr. Howe is much better at confusing a situation than at clarifying it.

During the first seven months of this year 2,078 building permits were issued in Vancouver, with a total value of $1,982,000. A permit is issued if the contractor can get the lumber he needs, and he can get the lumber if he has a permit. It's as simple as that.

Meantime the housing situation continues to be deplorable. Mrs. Effie Jones, the militant organizer of the Housewives' League, commenting on facts learned through a housing survey by her organization, has declared that no decent farmer would bring up his pigs in the conditions under which some human beings are forced to live in Vancouver.

While there is as yet no shortage of standing timber in the province, wasteful methods of logging and disregard of conservation methods augur none too well for the future. Forty per cent of the forest resources have been depleted by fires and absence of re-seeding, and there are 20,000,000 acres of former forest land lying waste. About 25,000 acres are reclaimed annually, but this is more than offset by 30,000 acres logged off in new areas. The day is not far distant when the great Douglas fir forests will have disappeared, and the bonanza of the timber barons will be over.

Japs in B.C.

Normal School training is being given to a number of Japanese young men and women at the evacuee camp in New Denver this month by A. R. Lord, principal of the Vancouver Normal School, and five teachers in selected subjects. The Japanese students are all graduates of the University of British Columbia, or of High Schools, and will function as teachers at various camps for the duration of the war. They are now receiving special guidance in mathematics, science, physical education, English, art, social studies, and primary subjects.

The Japanese language is not taught at any of the schools under the direction of the British Columbia Security Commission. All Japanese language schools were abolished some time ago, but private tutoring goes on in the homes, and there is probably more Japanese spoken now by the younger generation than at any time during the past twenty years. Their withdrawal from whites of their own age makes this inevitable.

The New Canadian, which was formerly printed in English and enjoyed a large circulation throughout the province, is now almost wholly a Japanese-language newspaper, only about one-fifth of its original size. It is published under the censorship of the authorities, but occasionally is mildly critical of governmental regulations.

Logging camps in northern British Columbia are negotiating for 350 Japanese loggers to work in the Jasper and Blue River areas, which are far removed from military zones. There are a large number of competent Japanese axmen and sawyers available, as logging was second to fishing as a Japanese industry. Many of the men operated small camps of their own, but there were a few big operations on Vancouver Island, some in strategic spots which would have been ideal for enemy landings.

How long is 3 weeks, Ivan?

●Hitler boasted that he would smash Russia in three weeks... Ivan's courage, resourcefulness and fighting skill have already spun those three weeks into a third year.

What is three weeks... what is Time itself to Ivan but a succession of minutes, each one marked by the fall of a Nazi soldier.

We have helped Ivan destroy Hitler's timetable by sending planes, tanks, guns, shells, food. It is a proud thing to share even a little in Russia's triumph to this hour.

We who make the high-proof alcohol for the smokeless powder in Ivan's high explosives also have a special way of measuring Time. In our plants, wholly converted to war production, we mark the passing of each hour by the thousands of gallons of high-proof alcohol flowing from our giant stills. Three weeks, three months, three years... it will go on flowing until the last Axis soldier has laid down either his body or his arms... in *unconditional surrender!*

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

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